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THE Island of Madagascar presents many features of interest, especially to an Englishman. It is in fact a kind of younger England in the Indian Ocean, its present state being in many respects similar to that of this country fifteen hundred years ago. The Hovas or conquering race, are the Anglo-Saxons of the island, who have reduced the Betsimasarakas, or Britons of the place, to subjection, and now employ them as servants and slaves in field labour and household drudgery. The conquering race show something of the same love of personal independence and capacity for political improvement which characterise the Germanic races. The construction and fortification of their villages, their mode of warfare, and general mode of life have striking points of resemblance with those of our barbaric ancestors, and they cling to their ancient paganism with a truly Saxon or Suevic tenacity. The island itself is both physically and commercially of considerable interest and importance. It extends over an area larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland combined, the surface gradually declining into wooded lowlands towards the shore, but elevated towards the centre by a range of mountains, that, running north and south and throwing out numerous spurs on either side, divides the island into a number of rich well-watered valleys. These valleys, with the magnificent forests that cover many of them, abound with the rarest and most brilliant flowering plants and shrubs, especially of the orchid tribe. The forest paths are tangled with the splendid flowers and long fleshy spurs of the sesquipedalian orchids, and their grassy dells filled at intervals with the purple water-carriers of the pitcher plant. Commercially, the native productions of the Island, such as cotton, indigo, sugar, tobacco, and rice, are of considerable value, and might be made the basis of a flourishing intercourse between our own countrymen and the Madagasques.

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logically speaking, in the moral and intellectual regions, the arch of the skull above the ear being high, and the space from the ear to the brow long and full. Their eyes are clear and bright, the eyebrows well defined without being heavy; the nose either aquiline or straight, but always well chiselled, never thick and fleshy; the lips full, but firm, expressing the force of will native to the race. There is an expression in many of their faces of meditative, half-mournful perplexity; of stern, but pensive resolve; strikingly indicative of a keen but baffled intellect, and an earnest but unsatisfied moral nature. They have an eager thirst for knowledge, a native aptitude for instruction, and a vigour of understanding, that enables them to reason with ability on familiar subjects, as well as to ask intelligent questions on those that are new. There is some doubt as to the precise branch of the human family to which the Hovas belong; but they are probably a richly-gifted variety of the great Malay race, that has overspread the Indian Ocean and peopled the Polynesian Islands. The moral state and prospects of these people is, however, the most interesting point in their history, and it is with this that the volume before us is mainly occupied. The little generally known of Madagascar and its inhabitants is chiefly derived from Mr. Ellis's previous work on the subject, and in his new volume he brings down our knowledge of the people to the present time. It was the more necessary to do this, as of late years we have had no intercourse whatever with them. Ever since the expulsion of the missionaries twenty years ago, Madagascar has been closed against Europeans, especially English and French. The history of our previous connection with the island is soon told. Before the present century, no European nation had any regular political intercourse with the people, though various adventurers had attempted at different times to establish permanent settlements on the coast.

Our connection with Madagascar began in the year 1817, when a treaty of friendship and alliance was entered into between Radama, then king of the island, and the governor of Mauritius on behalf of England. The chief object of this treaty was the abolition of the slave trade, and in order to render it effectual, an annual payment was made by the British government to compensate the king and his chiefs for the loss this would entail upon them. This payment consisted, partly of ammunition and arms, and men were sent out to initiate the native soldiers into the discipline and tactics of civilised warfare. As the result of the arms and training thus supplied, Radama was enabled to extend the dominion of his own tribe, that of the Hovas, far beyond the central province of Ankova, its original boundary. A number of native youths were sent on board British ships of war to learn the art of navigation, while others were despatched to England for education and instruction in the arts of civilised life. The London Missionary Society recognised in the island, thus opened to Englishmen, a new and important field of labour, and its missionaries reached the coast of Madagascar in 1818. They were accompanied by skilled workmen, able to instruct the natives in the useful arts, that civilisation might go hand in hand with religious progress. After the final ratification of the treaty in 1820, the missionaries proceeded to the capital, and were cordially welcomed

by the King, who was delighted with the prospect of social advancement which their arrival held out. At this time the language of the people was unwritten. The missionaries set themselves at once to master the native tongue, introduced an alphabet into the language, arranged its grammar, prepared elementary books, and translated the Bible for the benefit of those who might learn to read. Within ten years after the arrival of the missionaries, upwards of as many thousands of the inhabitants had learned to read, many also to write, while several had made some progress in the study of English. During the same period a number of native youths were instructed by the missionary artisans in the working of metals, and in various handicrafts, as builders, carpenters, tanners, shoemakers, and the like. A number also of the natives, having diligently attended the religious instructions of their new teachers, had cordially embraced Christianity. These substantial and important results rendered the treaty between Sir Robert Farquhar and King Radama one of the most important events in the history of Madagascar. The death of that far-sighted ruler in 1828, at the early age of thirty-six, put a stop to the plans of improvement which he was actively carrying out among his people, mainly through the help of the missionaries. His successor, the present Queen, sympathising with the ancient paganism of the country, and being very much under the influence of its supporters, determined to expel the missionaries, suppress their religion, and restore idol worship to its former supremacy. In 1835, accordingly, the profession of Christianity was prohibited, all Christian books were confiscated to the government, and, in the year following, the missionaries with their assistants left the island. Though the missionaries were expelled, Christianity however was not extinguished, as the native converts, now amounting to a large number, remained behind.

During the next ten years, they were the objects of bitter and relentless persecution. This at first, almost immediately after the missionaries had left, took the comparatively mild form of forcing the suspected to drink Tangera or poison-water, which proved fatal to many of them. The year following, many were punished by heavy fines and imprisonment, or reduced to hopeless slavery. In 1838 two were publicly put to death, and a number more only escaped the same fate by flight. Sixteen of these, after being hunted from place to place, and enduring the extremities of hunger, exposure, and disease, in the swamps and forests of the interior, were retaken on their way to the coast, brought back to the capital, and nine of them cruelly put to death. These persecutions, as usual, defeated their object. Through the calm steadfastness of the martyrs, Christianity increased rather than diminished, and among those who now felt its influence was the Queen's own son, then a youth in his seventeenth year. In 1846 he renounced idolatry, declared himself a Christian, and was baptised. This event, by intensifying the bitter feeling of the pagan party at Court, seems to have hastened the most violent persecution of all, which occurred in the year 1849. Of this terrible persecution Mr. Ellis heard much during his recent visit:

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Christians in 1849, the period of the last severe persecution. Numbers were informed against, and apprehended by officers of government bearing a silver spear designated 'The hater of lies ;' and numbers, on the requisition of the government, acknowledged their having engaged in Christian worship. The nature of their offence may be inferred from the subjoined recital of the practices of which they were accused during the last persecution. When a number of them were then arraigned, it was asked by the chief officer, 'What is this that you do ? This that the queen hates—that which says believe in it or him and obey the Gospel ; refusing to fight and quarrel with each other ; refusing to swear by their sisters with a stubbornness like that of stones or wood ; observing the Sabbath as a day of rest ; the taking of the juice of the grape and a little bread, and invoking a blessing on the head, and then falling down to the ground, and when the head is raised, the tears running down from the eyes. Now, are you to do these things, or are you not ?—for such things, it is said, are done by the praying people, and on this account the people are made to take the oath.' Then Ramary stood up before the people, and said,—'I believe in God, for He has made all things, and I follow (or believe) the Gospel of God.' And in regard to fighting or quarrelling, if we, who are one people, fight and quarrel (among ourselves), what good would be done ? But if the enemies of our country come, the servants of God will fight. And in regard to swearing, if the truth is told, does swearing make the truth a lie ? And, if a lie is told, does swearing make the lie truth ? For the truth is truth, and a lie is a lie, whether sworn to or not. I put my trust in God, and in Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of all. He is able to be that to all that believe.'

"Of the numbers implicated some idea may be formed from the fact, that at one time and at one place 37 who had explained or preached the Word were reduced to slavery with their wives and children ; 42 who had possessed books were made slaves, and their property seized ; 27 who had possessed books, and who had preached, or explained, were made slaves with their wives and children ; 6 with whom it was a second offence were imprisoned ; 2055 had paid one dollar each ; 18 had been put to death ; 14 hurled from the steep rock ; and 4 burnt alive.

"Those who had been appointed to die were treated with the greatest indignity. They were wrapped in old torn or dirty mats, and rags were stuffed into their mouths. Seventeen of them had been tied each along a pole, and had been thus carried between two men, bearing the pole on their shoulders, to the place where sentence was to be pronounced. One of their number, being a young female, walked behind the rest. Four of them being nobles were not killed in the ordinary way, as there is an aversion to the shedding of the blood of nobles ; they were therefore sentenced to be burned. When the sentence was pronounced, some derided, and the condemned were then carried away to the places of execution. The four nobles were burned alive in a place by themselves. Two of them, viz., Andriampiniry and Ramanandala, were husband and wife, the latter expecting to become a mother. At the place of execution life was offered them if they would take the required idolatrous oath. Declining to do this, they were bound, and laid on the pile of wood or placed between split poles, more wood being heaped upon them, and the pile was then kindled. Amidst the smoke and blaze of the burning wood the pangs of maternity were added to those of an agonising death, and at this awful moment the martyr's child was born. I asked my informants what the executioners or bystanders did with the babe. They answered, 'Thrust it into the flames, where its body was burned with its parents', its spirit to ascend with theirs to God.'

"The remaining fourteen were taken to a place of common execution, whether a number of felons who had been sentenced to death were also taken to be executed together with the Christians. The latter were put to death by being thrown over a steep precipice—the Tarpeian Rock of Antanana-

rivo. Each one was suspended by a cord on or near the edge of the precipice, and there offered life on condition of renouncing Christ and taking the required oaths. Of these there was one who, though in the prospect of an ignominious, instant, and violent death, spoke with such calm self-possession and humble confidence and hope of the near prospect of glory and immortal blessedness, as very deeply to affect those around him. The young woman who had walked to the place of execution it was hoped would be induced to recant. With this view she was, according to orders, reserved until the last, and placed in such a position as to see all the others, one after another, hurled over the fatal rock. So far from being intimidated she requested to follow her friends ; when the idol keeper present struck her on the face and urged her to take the oath and acknowledge the idols. She refused, and begged to share the fate of her friends. The executioner then said, 'She is an idiot, and does not know what she says. Take her away.'

The general aversion of the native government to Europeans had been intensified, in 1845, by an actual quarrel, in which the two leading powers of the West took part. Up to this time some Europeans engaged in business had continued to reside on the coast. The application of native laws, from which they had previously been exempt, gave great offence to these foreign traders, and they appealed for assistance to the English governor of Mauritius and the French governor of Bourbon. In reply to this appeal, one English and two French vessels of war were sent to Tamatave to adjust the dispute ; but failing to effect this by amicable conference, they fired on the people, burned the town, and, having landed, attacked the fort. They were compelled, however, to retire, leaving thirteen of their number on the shore, whose skulls, according to the custom of the island, were afterwards fixed on poles in front of the fort, still visible there when Mr. Ellis first landed in 1853. This hostile demonstration on the part of England and France put an end to the foreign trade and to all direct intercourse with Europeans in Madagascar. The native Christians, however, still managed to keep up some intercourse with their fellow sufferers in exile at Mauritius, and through this channel accounts were received by the London Missionary Society, during 1852, to the effect that favourable political changes were in progress at Madagascar. Deeming this news too important to be neglected, the Society judged it expedient in the first instance to seek further information by inquiries on the spot. Early in the year 1853, accordingly, Mr. Ellis was invited to proceed to Madagascar, in order to ascertain, as far as practicable, the accurate state of the people and the views of the government.

Mr. Ellis made in all three visits to the island,—the first in July, 1853 ; the second in June of the year following ; the third and longest, in July, 1856. The volume before us, containing a graphic and minute record of these visits, is full of valuable information on the condition and resources of the country, the views of the government, the actual state and prospects of the people.

Mr. Ellis wisely took out a camera and photographic materials with him, as a means of interesting the islanders, and of securing a permanent record of the persons and places visited. The natives were astonished and delighted with the photographic pictures in the highest degree, and all wanted to have their likenesses taken. They showed the same anxiety about their personal appearance that is manifested in more civilised quarters, each

wishing to be taken in the most imposing attitude and dress. One chief on receiving a promise that his likeness should be taken, hurried away unperceived, and soon returned followed by a slave bearing a bundle of considerable size. Being asked what this was, he took out a handsome scarlet lamba (the scarf of the country, which is the peculiar badge of the Hovas) and other attractive articles of dress, saying, he wished to put them on before sitting for his portrait. Mr. Ellis was surrounded by crowds while at work with the camera, the most reflective of whom often engaged in low earnest conversation together, as to the manner in which these miracles of art were wrought, some deciding that it must be *Zonahary*—the word they use for God, and by which they meant something supernatural. It was the portraits that so much excited the interest of the natives, for landscapes they showed little care :

"What effect coloured landscapes, or other views of natural objects, might produce upon the natives, I am unable to say ; but it was curious to notice the intense interest excited by the portraits, and the different effect produced by the view of a group of trees, or flowers, a house, or any other inanimate object. In the former the features, the aspect, the dress, the ornaments, and all the little accompaniments were subjects of curious examination and animated remark by wives and children, as well as companions or friends. One man had a mole on his cheek, and, as it was on the side next the light, it came out clear and strong ; nothing excited more remark than this. I saw the man himself, after feeling the mole on his cheek with his finger, go to touch the mole on the picture hanging up to dry, exclaiming, 'How very wonderful ! I never felt anything here,' putting his finger to the mole on his cheek, 'and yet there it is,' pointing to the picture. But the form of a building, the shades in a flower, the perspective of a landscape, seemed to excite no interest. Another phase of human character, peculiar perhaps to no country, but rather common to all, was the evident anxiety about personal appearance, when that was to be regarded by others or perpetuated. I never suggested the arrangement of the dress or the hair ; but rarely found any one come and sit for a likeness without giving some previous attention to one or both. Even the labouring woman, returning from work in the field, with her child at her back, when asked if she would have her likeness taken, adjusted her burden before having her *tout ensemble* rendered permanent. Sometimes the women brought their slaves to arrange their hair immediately before sitting down. At other times the men brought looking-glass and comb, and, borrowing a bowl of water to moisten their hair, arranged their toilette by one holding the glass for another. The Hova women wear their hair plaited in extremely fine braids, and tied in a number of small knots or bunches all over the head. The Betsimasaraka women wear their hair braided for two or three inches, and then arranged in a sort of circular mass or ball, two or three hanging down on each side. The men usually cut their hair short, after the European fashion.

"I was, for some time, surprised to see so few people with grey hair, either among the straight or woolly haired classes ; and on remarking, on one occasion, how few either of chiefs or people, masters or slaves, were grey-headed, I was told that all classes were scrupulously careful to remove their grey hairs, and that this accounted for the thinness of hair with many, and the rarity of any mixture of grey amongst the black. It appeared to be a matter of some importance with all to avoid, as much as possible, any symptom of age, and an object of great desire to appear or to be thought young. I was also struck with the taste of the men in adjusting their hair. They did not comb it up from the forehead to show the development of their intellectual organs, and certainly rather drew it over the side of the

temple than forced it back. I presume, however, that they followed the mode most esteemed among their countrymen; and I was struck with the remarkably European cast of many of their countenances. Phrenologically they are a fine people, having frequently high foreheads with a considerable amount of those developments which are supposed to indicate intellectual capacity, as well as moral excellence."

During his first visit to the island, Mr. Ellis was not permitted to visit the capital, though he received a friendly message from the Queen in reply to a petition he brought from the merchants of Mauritius, praying for a renewal of the trade with Madagascar. Compensation for the injuries done in 1845 was demanded as the condition of re-opening the trade, and this having been paid, and commercial intercourse established in the interim, Mr. Ellis found the Court still more friendly on his second visit. He was still, however, unable to proceed to the capital, in consequence of a panic which seized the Queen and Court, on the subject of the cholera raging violently at Mauritius at the time he had embarked for Madagascar. On his third visit he was, however, entirely successful, being met by a special embassy from the Queen, giving him a formal invitation to Antananarivo, and allowing him to remain a month. He at once commenced his journey, a distance of 300 miles, the only method of travelling being in a sort of palanquin, carried on the shoulders of bare-footed natives. In this way he proceeded through jungles, rivers, swamps, and forests, till he arrived at the city of a hundred hills. Here he had audience with the Queen, and lived in familiar intercourse with the Crown Prince and chief members of the native Court. His description of the capital, and account of his residence there, is perhaps the most attractive part of Mr. Ellis's book. The volume is, however, interesting throughout, and must further the special object the writer has in view, as well as help to establish on a better basis our commercial and political intercourse with Madagascar.

Henry III., King of France and Poland : His Court and Times. By Margaret Walker Freer. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is the age of historical paradoxes and biographical revolutions. All our old faiths are uprooted; our heroes are proved to have been indisputable villains; our villains, heroes misunderstood. No one stands where he did twenty years ago; and the landmarks of ancient creeds are shifting daily. Miss Freer's able, conscientious, painstaking, and most industrious work, is one of these historical paradoxes, so far at least as the facts of St. Bartholomew and the character of Catherine de Medicis are concerned; of whom one finally takes leave as a pleasant, judicious, mild-mannered, clever, and moral old lady, intent on doing good, with great managing powers, of conciliatory temper, and of more honesty and brains than all the rest together. As a chronicle the book is valuable, supported as it is by references to many unpublished documents of much interest. It is full, copious, and if not wholly impartial, yet devoid of passion in its advocacy. But it has the defects which are to be expected in the history, by a modest Englishwoman of the nineteenth century, of the most licentious court in Europe of the sixteenth. It wants the magic touch of life, the vivid portraiture which makes the charm of biography. We get glimpses of the manners of the times rather by inference

than by detail, as in the brutal assault on Nantouillet by Charles IX. and his brother Henry, which Miss Freer subsequently calls a frolic; but we look in vain for a page of that distinct picture-writing, which might have made the times and persons present and living to us. This is a power very rare in women; and by the want of it they are in general unfit and insipid historians. Their very virtues are against their success. Carrying into the history of a barbarous and licentious age the refined morality and chastened puritanism of well-bred English-women of the present day, they cannot grasp—they cannot even comprehend—the habits of a former time. They cannot believe that there were periods when whole communities publicly held female virtue cheaper than tinsel: when the most abominable vices were paraded, known, and discussed; when integrity was reserved for two or three bilious grumbler, too often as unlovable as they were noble; and when religion meant nothing more than material fetishism. They cannot understand how a woman of high rank should think herself honoured in being made the mistress of a king; how no man lost caste by the most open profligacy; how esteem rested solely on rank, and not on honour; how self-respect was not lowered by crime or fraud; and how, man or woman, none thought themselves disgraced by vices, unless shared with one of lower rank. Even Marguerite de Valois would have escaped exposure and punishment had she intrigued "nobly." It was her *roturier* tastes that ruined her, not her immorality in the abstract. This was a state of things which Miss Freer cannot understand. The following naive little bit of special pleading will prove our assertion. Speaking of Marie de Clèves, she says:

"Had the Princess de Condé so far forgotten the dignity of her birth (as to intrigue with Henry, then Duc d'Anjou), it seems improbable that Henry, on his accession to the throne of France, would have declared his resolution to espouse her, and have directed his ministers to take the necessary measures for procuring the dissolution of her marriage with Condé."

Marie de Clèves may or may not have been faithless to her husband for Henry's sake; we think she was; but, be that as it may, we have quoted Miss Freer's argument to show that, womanly, innocent, and incapable of believing evil as it is, it is not the argument of a philosopher, nor of one who has studied human nature in its depths, or fathomed the possibilities of passion. This is in fact the great complaint that we have to make against lady historians. They are too full of the rose-theories of life to accept as possible the awful revelations of lawless times, and too pure to develop, or even to comprehend, the facts of those times in all their complexity of crime and licence. Wherefore we get no true histories from them; but only a frame-work more or less exact, hung round with pretty apologies and saintly beliefs of general good. There are no such optimists as the mass of lady historians.

We have said that Miss Freer does not seem to us to have seized the character of Catherine, that dark, wily, plotting Florentine, whose boiling passions were only equalled by her marvellous self-control, her craft, and her cruelty. In the new school of woman worship that has sprung up among women, we cannot find that sturdy honesty which will confess to the crimes of one of

themselves. Every woman must, by the creed of that school or sect, be whitewashed and rehabilitated, no matter what her sins or what her past historic status: a bewildering contrast for the young student to the one or two male historians we could name—the very Kislar Agas of biography, who delight in nothing so much as drowning every frail name, and every doubtful one, in a sea of perdition. We think the middle course the best, the truest, and the most just: refusing, on the one hand, to believe in innocence that would be an anachronism, yet denying the right of this nineteenth century to judge, from its own point of view, of the crimes of a former age, or to condemn by its own strict code the notably frail in a time when all were frail.

In her account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Miss Freer takes high ground for both Catherine and Charles. The only crime intended to be perpetrated, she says, was the massacre of Coligny, and this rather in self-defence than in hate, as, according to Henry's confession when in Poland, he and his mother felt assured, "from the menacing conduct of the King, that the Admiral had inspired his majesty with a bad and sinister opinion of the Queen my mother and of myself." Wherupon, consulting with Catherine's daughter, Claude, Duchess of Lorraine, they resolved on assassinating the Admiral; believing that the Huguenots, reassured by the marriage of Marguerite and Henry of Navarre, "would suffer the fall of Coligny to remain unavenged." As for the massacre itself, Charles was innocent of the plot; if, indeed, that could be called plot, which, according to our author, was an unlooked-for necessity of the situation. She says, "the incidents of the massacre refute the notion that it could have been preconcerted." We cannot agree with Miss Freer's innocent faith, or her straightforward incapacity for understanding such wile and foresight as Catherine's. The marriage of Marguerite and Henry, which she says was urged solely by Charles, and against the repeated denunciations of the Queen-Mother and the Duc d'Anjou, must have meant something more than giving a dangerous preponderance to the heretic party in the state. Did Charles really mean fraternal union and subsequent absorption of the weaker sect; or did he glance at the compacted tragedy to be enacted on the marriage, in his answer to the Cardinal Alexandrini, sent by the Pope to remonstrate against such an iniquitous union? Let us see:

"M. le Cardinal," said the King, "would to God that I could explain all to his Holiness! You would then understand that there is nothing more conducive to establish religion, and to exterminate the foes of the church, than this marriage which you deprecate."

These are no words of guileless sincerity! The marriage of Marguerite with the Huguenot King; the destruction of the Huguenots *en masse*; the possession of the King's person, and his enforced renunciation of his heresies—what fairer scheme than this could Catherine and Charles devise? Surely it is puerile to insist on the seeming discord of two such plotters as proof of a virtual difference of councils.

The grand heroic character of Coligny meets with scant grace from Miss Freer. Indeed, all her sympathies are orthodox and loyal, and while she glosses over or denies the various crimes of the royal family, she has only a hard word for the brave old Admiral, whom she accuses of "arrogance"

in the councils of the King, and complicity in the murder of Guise before Orleans. Of the Huguenots, too, she speaks contemptuously enough: and later still, her anger is manifest against the Duc d'Alençon (when a rebel), the great Duc de Guise and his party; but for the revolting butchery of the Duc in Henry's chamber, by his own devising, and almost by his own hand, she has not one burning word of indignation to fling. Gentle as she is, her partisanship is evident, though neither violent nor wilfully unjust.

Two months before the fatal marriage, Jeanne de Navarre died suddenly at Paris. Miss Freer mentions, but refutes, the report of poison; "the immediate cause of her death being the bursting of an abscess in the lungs." This death delayed the marriage, and "the delay wrought the ruin of the Huguenot chieftains;" the surprise of Valenciennes by La Noue, and the capture by Louis of Nassau, of Mons in Hainault, "on the strength of some hasty words uttered by Charles at Blois, and with the sanction of Coligny only," being the occasion of their downfall. So, at last, says our authoress, the consternation in the cabinet caused by this sudden breach of the peace with Spain restored the influence of the Queen-Mother, who was the only one with sufficient ability or resources to set things straight. At all events, the war with Spain in Flanders, which Coligny so earnestly insisted on, and for the aid of which he so disastrously acknowledged he would bring ten thousand men, was abandoned; and his own assassination, and—we believe—the universal massacre of the Huguenots redetermined on: though we are told positively that Charles "remained in ignorance of the resolution taken by the Duc d'Anjou and his mother to attempt the Admiral's life, and dreaded only the embarrassment of withdrawing the pledges deliberately given to Coligny respecting the war with Spain, and the privileges he had spontaneously granted to the Huguenots. On the 16th of August, Henry of Navarre and Marguerite of Valois were betrothed, on the 17th, they were married; and on the 22nd, Maureval attempted Coligny's assassination, as the Admiral was returning on foot slowly from the Louvre, reading a paper. The ball struck, but did not kill; and the next act of the fearful tragedy began. Charles, on hearing of the event, feigned intense rage, and threatened the arrest of the Duc de Guise. This, however, he was wise enough not to put into execution. He then went, through a gathering tumult, to the house of Coligny, whom he flattered and caressed, Catherine, meanwhile, making one of her side-thrusts; and in the evening De Retz was sent to tell the whole truth to the King, and "confess" who were the assassins. On the 23rd August, Charles was further initiated into the approaching massacre, on which Catherine had only lately decided. Her famous letter to Strozzi, written two months before, commanding the massacre of all the Huguenots within his reach, Miss Freer sets down as "apocryphal." The suspicious attempt to induce the heretic philosopher Ramus, the favourite and protégé of both their majesties, to join the cortège of Jean de Montluc into Poland, is not alluded to; while the death of Lignerolles is neither on account of his possession of the dangerous secret of the predetermined massacre nor yet on account of his alleged intrigue with the Queen-Mother. But, in spite of the dread and anguish ascribed to

Charles, he contentedly gave Coligny, as his guard of safety, the band and leadership of Cosseins, his deadly enemy—sure not to suffer him to escape; supped well and gaily, watched the massacre from a window over the portico, and himself shot down his flying subjects. After all was over, he made a kind of triumphal progress through the reeking city; pronounced an oration, in which he "avowed that the massacre was perpetrated with his sanction and participation;" caused a commemorative medal to be struck—Hercules clad in the lion's skin on one side, on the other, "Charles IX., Dompteur des Rebelles le 24 Août, 1572;" and went in grand procession to see the mutilated body of his "friend and bon père" hung ignominiously on a gibbet among the lowest malefactors, quoting Vitellius as he smilingly gloated over the corpse of the brave old man—"the dead body of an enemy smells sweet!"

After these things, we may judge how far Charles was innocent! No; there was no innocence among the whole of that royal crew of midnight murderers, with the exception perhaps of Marguerite, and no unforeseen necessity of the situation, as Miss Freer would have us believe. The Huguenot massacre was planned and skilfully compassed by them all; and Charles was as deep in the plot from the first, as he was in the attempted murder of Coligny. It is mere weakness to believe in recorded sighs and groans, with such patent facts before us.

Henry next appears as the elected King of Poland, on which throne he languished in impatent exile for a few months, until his brother's death. Of course our authoress will not suffer a breath of suspicion against Catherine, connected with this timely and mysterious death of the King; but she is not quite so positive about Henry, and evidently mistrustful of his partisans at the Court. Charles dies in the most proper manner; and the current belief of his agonies of conscience and remorse turn out to be fables. It was befitting her new reading of the life and nature of Charles IX. of France, that he should die the edifying death of a saint and hero.

Henry's flight from Warsaw is well told. It is one of the most graphic sketches in the book. The picture of Jean de Montluc, the indefatigable, crafty, clever diplomatist, is masterly. Indeed in the Polish matter our authoress cannot be misled by her loyalty to constituted authority, or by her somewhat weak belief in the saintliness of sinners. Her powers, therefore, have full sway. Henry's accession to the throne reinstated Catherine. Latterly she had lost influence with Charles; her policy was opposed, her views frustrated; but now her old power returned; her enemies were in her hands; the brave Montgomery had been tortured and executed; and while Henry loitered on his luxurious way through Italy, she reigned supreme and alone. But kingship did not improve Henry. When Charles observed his popularity, with bitter jealousy he said, astutely enough, that when his brother came to the throne, people would then see what he was made of. And the event proved the saying just. Supple, deceptive, debauched beyond all possible description, he alternated between a gloomy fetishism,—wherein absurd processions, revolting penances, and death's-head rosaries were the principal signs of worship—and the most shameless profligacy. Governed by favourites as

dominated by his mother, at times breaking into puny efforts at self-reliance; defied and scorned by his sister Marguerite, whom he brutally persecuted, his kingly life was one long day of vice, tutelage, and shame. With all his arbitrary power, the assassinations he could command, and the infamous excesses he could maintain, he was the most effeminate slave in his whole dominions, and reduced to more undignified straits than any king before or since. Painted, perfumed, bejewelled, and bedizened like a woman, he spent his time in the wildest and most indecent revels, in regulating courtly etiquette, and in drawing up strict sumptuary laws, in playing bilboquet even when riding publicly through the streets, in indulging his passion for small dogs, and in whining to the States, which repulsed, refused, and scorned him. Such was the most Christian King of France, the "valiant son" for whom Catherine had done so much, the descendant of Saint Louis, a king on the throne of Charlemagne,—this master of "the most disreputable abode in Paris," as Espinac called the Louvre.

It was during his reign that the war between the three Henrys as it was called, broke out. Henry of Navarre was for the Protestants; Henry, Duc de Guise, for the League or extreme Catholics, vowed to the extirpation of heresy; Henry of France for the "balance of power," and himself. The following is a good page:

"The character of the three Henrys, each the chieftain of a faction, was as diverse as the causes they individually defended. The King, luxurious, facile, sarcastic, and vindictive; the Duc de Guise, a warrior by descent, chivalrous, skilled in diplomacy, ambitious, and dauntless; the King of Navarre, able, insinuating, alike ready with a jest or a tear, inconstant in friendship, and of surprising activity and resource—such were the combatants about to vindicate their respective feuds. The liberal opinions professed by the King of Navarre, fascinated many; and but for the brand of heresy, France undoubtedly would have hailed the Béarnais as chief and leader of her armies. The mind of Henri de Navarre harmonised with his wiry and nervous frame; perpetually in motion, perpetually excited; now interchanging coarse jests with his brave Gascons, or brandishing *bous mous* with his nobles; Henri was never at rest. He had no vocation for study or meditation; the dry scholastic harangues of his churchmen wearied him; his religion was his badge, not his paralete; his nature was essentially social and jovial. The business and glory of Henri's life was warfare; his genial temper and kind heart alone amid the stirring scenes and pathetic incidents of camp life; his recreation he found at the feet of Corisandre d'Andouins, Gabrielle d'Estrées, or in the smiles of that beauty whose bright eyes had enthralled, for the moment, the valiant heart of the King of Navarre."

Wars and plots, the very life-blood of society in those days, continued: the beautiful, passionate Duchesse de Montpensier, towards whom, by the bye, Miss Freer is infinitely harsher than towards Catherine, most active of all in promoting them against the King, zealous for the League and her brother the Guise. The last volume, comprising only four years, is almost entirely taken up by the wars and quarrels of the League. And herein Catherine de Medici, that dark, subtle Florentine,—whose very name is an epitome of murder, passion, revenge, and craft,—is made so entirely the "*bonne femme*" of the time that we fail to recognise her. She advises, "according to her nature, negotiations, caution, and a forbearance which might eventually bring

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back many to their allegiance ; " she becomes pastorally unsuspecting, finding it " hard for her to believe that the Duc de Guise harboured designs hostile to her offspring." During the tumultuous time of the Duc's arrival in Paris and of the first barricades ever erected there, she is carried from the King's palace to the Duc's, placid, gentle, conciliatory, sincere ; earnest only to preserve peace, and to bring about a right understanding between the princes ; in a word, she is something like the good fairy godmother, or the devoted old nurse of children's stories, such a bland, wise, calm, old benefactress as she is, or wishes to be, to all the world. We fear this is Miss Freer's Catherine de Medici ; a more amiable but certainly a less authentic portrait than that of the dark-browed plotter preserved to us by impartial history.

Then comes that most terrible act of royal perfidy and kingly murder—the assassination of the Guise. Planned and almost executed by Henry, committed in his own chamber, in his own sight, ruthlessly followed up and insolently displayed, it stands as the blackest spot of all upon the King's degraded name. Yet Miss Freer has no word of reprobation while speaking of how the Duke lay naked and bleeding, and rifled while still living, on the floor,—no righteous wrath to seethe the kingly murderer who came, coldly exulting, to survey him, saying indifferently, "*Mon Dieu ! qu'il est grand !*"—no natural bitterness at the indignity which left him for hours still on the floor, covered only with a rug, and that consigned his corpse to neglect and ignominy. All her wrath is reserved for Madame de Montpensier and her frantic grief; her dishevelled, wild, and unrestrained excess of passion, under the influence of which she forgot both prudence and decorum together. As for Catherine, " real sorrow at the death of the Duc de Guise, indignation at the perfidy with which, despite the nature of the provocation given, the King had violated his word and her own," make her ill; and, shortly after, she dies, her last days clouded and dreary, and her last thoughts, thoughts of pain. The Guises, notably La Duchesse de Montpensier, avenged the death of their brother by the knife of the fanatic Jacques Clement. And though De Guise's proud confidence in his own powers; his fatal answer, "*On n'osera,*" returned to all hints and warnings of danger, did not save him; his kindred exerted, as revenge when he was dead, the love they could not show with safety while he was living; and Henry of Valois, the last of his race, died by an obscure assassin, in retaliation for the murder he himself had caused to be committed.

We can recommend Miss Freer's work in all sincerity as able, painstaking, well-intentioned, and readable. And if we have thought it our duty, as sticklers for historic truth, to insist on her amiable fallacies, we do not the less cordially advise all to read her pleasant books.

From New York to Delhi; by Way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China. By Robert B. Minturn, Junior. (Longmans.)

The title of this volume reminds us of the journey of an English traveller, "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Jerusalem, and Constantinople." The resemblance of the two works is confined, however, to their title-pages. Mr. Michael

Angelo Titmarsh, whithersoever he may go, is himself the chief object of interest to his readers, and illustrates nothing so much as the line of Horace, "*Colum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" Under the shadow of the pyramids, "whence forty centuries look down upon him," or in the holy city, he is the same Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh with whom we have become familiar in Baker Street and the London Clubs. Mr. Minturn, on the other hand, is a safe and intelligent guide through the regions in which he has travelled. He can describe what he has seen, and takes care to see what ought to be described. His book abounds in, without being overloaded by, valuable and well arranged information, and his reflections on the political and social condition of the countries through which he passed are marked by acuteness and sound sense. Altogether, he has produced one of the best books of modern travel with which we are acquainted.

Mr. Minturn's preface is dated from New York, and a sentence here and there implies that he wrote originally for an American audience. From these facts, as well as from the absence of the usual notice that "the right of translation is reserved," we infer that this volume is a reprint. If it be so, the author's cordial appreciation of the English character and institutions, as addressed primarily to his own countrymen and not to us, is the more gratifying. It is but an expression, we are willing to believe, of a feeling all but universal among intelligent and cultivated Americans, and shows how little weight we are to attach to the noisy ebullitions of sympathy with John Mitchell and Mengher "of the sword."

Seventy-two, out of the four hundred and sixty-six closely printed pages of this volume, convey the author's impressions of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China. The remainder of the book is devoted to India, which Mr. Minturn quitted in February, 1857, less than three months before the outbreak of the mutiny. To the account of his own travelling experiences he has added five chapters on the "Climate and History of India," "English Government in India," "The Army of India," "Revenue and Wealth of India," and "The Revolt," which English as well as American readers may study with profit. But, in the present surfeit of Indian books, the earlier portion of the volume will probably be to many the most attractive. The estate of industry (?) at Rio de Janeiro is curiously illustrated in the following extract :

"Most of the loading and discharging at Rio is done by lighters—there being but one wharf. The merchandise is conveyed from the lighters to the shore by negroes, who wade up to their middle in water, carrying the goods on their heads. On shore, these fellows walk in a long procession, singing a monotonous song. They seem to prefer carrying burdens on their heads—transporting the very heaviest articles in this way. I have seen as many as sixteen men carrying a pianoforte, locking step as they walked, and all joining in the song, which in this case was of real importance as enabling them to keep step. It is said that when the railway to Petropolis was being built, the negroes insisted on carrying the handbarrows, which were furnished to them, on their heads, turning the wheel in front with the hand in time to their song."

Mr. Froude, in his "History of England," is indignant with Anne Boleyn for appearing in yellow shortly after Catherine of Arragon's death. The remark which Shakspere puts into Malvolio's mouth, "Not black in

my mind, though yellow in my legs," seems to suggest that yellow was, in his time, a recognised mourning colour. In Rio de Janeiro still more lively hues are usual :

"A very pretty custom prevails here in celebrating the funerals of children. The palls, the liveries of the coachmen and grooms, and all the decorations are scarlet, while the hearse is covered with flowers placed there by friends, and thrown from house-windows as the procession passes through the streets. In the case of young people, not children, blue decorations replace the red; black being preserved for those who are grown up or advanced in life."

The condition of slaves in Brazil contrasts favourably with that of their fellow-bondsmen in the United States. "Any negro may demand a valuation by a magistrate; and whenever he can make up the sum fixed, may purchase his own freedom." Of the priests, Mr. Minturn says, they are "a low, filthy, and dirty set; very immoral, and far from popular."

Some time ago a discussion, started, we believe, in American journals, filled our newspapers as to the supposed physical degeneration, through the effects of the climate, of the Anglo-Saxon race in the United States. Mr. Minturn moots the same point with regard to the descendants of settlers in Australia. "The inhabitants of Sydney," he tells us, "are mostly English, and preserve the old country manners very remarkably." The explanation is not so complimentary as it is our author's habit to be. "Drunkenness is very prevalent; and I more than once saw women drunk on the side walk at nine in the morning. In fact, I never saw so much drinking as in Australia."

"It is, however," he adds, "a curious fact that the 'natives,' as they call the descendants of Europeans, born in Australia, do not as a general rule drink at all. These 'natives' are very different in appearance from Englishmen, tall and thin, arriving at puberty earlier than in England, and frequently with an indescribably mild eye and voice. They are said to be much inferior to their parents in energy. When I was in Australia, there had lately been a controversy among the physicians, as to whether the climate is favourable to the European race or not. It was admitted that disease of the heart was more prevalent than elsewhere; and that the teeth go to ruin as rapidly as in America; but in other respects the climate seemed to hold its own against its impugners. Another hundred years will settle the question much more firmly."

Mr. Minturn bears testimony to the absence of Lynch law in the wildest parts of Australia, and to the excellence of the police arrangements of the country. He speaks of the class of men who command English steamers, as superior to "any that we have in knowledge of the world and refinement," as well as in scientific acquirements. He could discover no trace of republican feelings in the colonies, not even at the mines, "where the sentiments on this subject were emphatically English." A benevolent attempt to provide for "destitute Irish orphans" had rather an equivocal success :

"It seems that some one left money, or some money was collected, to bring to New South Wales a number of 'destitute Irish orphans.' When the 'orphans' arrived, the colonists, who had engaged them all as servants, were equally surprised and disgusted at finding them women of thirty or forty years, almost all *encravées*, and the rakkings and scrapings of the worst and most degraded class."

We have delayed long enough in Australia, and must follow our author to China. He thus distinguishes between the inhabitants of different parts of the empire :

"The Northern Chinese present a remarkable contrast to the men of Canton and the South. These latter are a taller and finer race, but marked by an intense hatred of the 'Fan-qui' (foreign devil). They will not allow strangers to go into the country even as far as they are permitted by treaty, viz., a day's journey, or to penetrate into any of their towns. At the north, however, the people are a far happier, pleasanter race, detesting the Canton men, and showing rather a liking for foreigners."

We are sorry to read the following passage about M. Huc. It will call to the reader's mind Macaulay's description of the authorities on whom Montesquien relied, "writers compared with whom Lucian and Gulliver were veracious, liars by a double right, as travellers and as Jesuits." Speaking of certain Romish missionaries, Mr. Minturn says:

"These gentlemen had all known M. Huc, the celebrated author of a work on China and a book of travels in Thibet. They answered, however, that they had not entire confidence in his narrative; and thought that in his writings he had frequently given way to the temptation of telling travellers' tales."

The Chinese aristocracy, it is well known, is one neither of birth nor wealth, but of letters—determined, in fact, by public examination. The effect of this is curiously shown in one or two instances:

"At a town called Ping-bong, we were stopped at a customs' barrier, but as soon as the officials in charge learned who we were they made no objection to our passing, merely requesting that we would kindly give them some books—a reasonable demand which my friend hastened to comply with, by presenting to them some of the Chinese publications of a London society. The subjects of these works came under the head of useful knowledge, and it is always customary for foreigners to carry such books on their inland excursions, as they make the best presents to native officials who are disposed to be civil."

At a private entertainment, when it came out that the friend who accompanied Mr. Minturn was a Master, and Mr. Minturn himself a Bachelor of Arts, "the whole company arose, and made us a respectful salutation."

Mr. Minturn's estimate of the Chinese in China is on the whole a favourable one. He regards them as an industrious, peaceful, and benevolent people, with the usual defects of the Eastern character in less than the usual proportion. Abroad, they show to less advantage. The following parallel between the government of his country and theirs would be repudiated, we imagine, with indignation, alike by the inhabitants of the model republic and those of the Celestial Empire:

"The Chinese government, as at present administered, seems in some respects remarkably like ours. The first great resemblance is, that in theory it is perfect, and in practice works remarkably badly. Secondly, it is a mere machine for collecting taxes, and enriching those who can put themselves into office by bribery or any other means. Thirdly, the officials have no power, except when supported by public opinion; and fourthly, the government has lost the respect of the people, who in case of difficulty consider a government official the last person to go to for advice or redress."

In India, Mr. Minturn's route lay through Calcutta, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Meerut, the Himalayas, Delhi, Umbala, Agra, Jaipore, Rajpootana, the country of the Mahrattas, Ellora, and Bombay, from which city he sailed to Cairo. He is here on ground, which a host of recent publications has made familiar to us. His estimate of the conduct and services of the English government and its officials, civil and military, is even higher, and his opinion

of the native populations lower, than that of most English writers. He seems to hold that between Europeans and the Asiatic races there is a great gulf fixed:

"All I can say is, that no European can ever comprehend an Asiatic, and that the more their peculiarities are studied, the more inconsistent they appear. How can Englishmen or Americans ever rightly appreciate people who have no expression in any of their languages for 'India,' the country in which they live; no equivalent for 'thank you,' and no word for 'patriotism,' and many such ideas?"

Though the Indian races may have no phrase for "thank you," they are not without politeness, as one or two anecdotes told by Mr. Minturn prove:

"Mrs. Colin Mackenzie," he says, "relates that one morning her husband was travelling by palkee, and saw some others behind on the road. He put his head out of the door and asked one of his bearers how many other palkees there were. The reply was, 'there are two, three, or even four, if such be your lordship's pleasure.' Another story is told of one of the Lieutenant-Governors of Agra, who took much interest in native schools. One day he was examining a remarkably clever protégé before some friends. After several other questions, he asked the boy, 'what makes the earth go round the sun?' and was told, 'the earth revolves by the favour of your Highness.'"

The truth is, that though there is no better test of national character than national language, there is no test which requires more skill and exact knowledge for its correct application. Miss Martineau tells us, in her history of the "Thirty Years' Peace," how an imperfect acquaintance with Chinese left Lord Napier under the impression that he had been called "laboriously vile," Mr. Morrison, "a polite horse," and another gentleman "a cwt. of hemp." It is simply incredible that races courteous to servility should be without a phrase in acknowledgment of obligation,—that is to say, without an equivalent for "thank you." The idea is one which, almost more than any other, has in every tongue its peculiar idiomatic expression. It may be difficult to recognise it in its strange disguise, but we have no doubt it will eventually be proved to have been there all the time.

We had marked many other passages in this volume for extract or comment; but we are compelled to refrain. In conclusion, we commend it as well fitted to satisfy both those who read for amusement, and those who wish to be instructed on the subjects of which it treats.

Neander's History of Christian Dogmas.
Translated by J. E. Ryland, M.A. Two Volumes. (Bohn.)

The appearance of this remarkable book in an English dress naturally suggests a few thoughts on the aspects of Christianity in England at the present time.

The great religious movement which arose about the year 1835 among the clerical fellows of colleges at Oxford, and which operated within the University itself so as to throw the important measures of reform, lately passed, further forward in the century than they would otherwise have stood, is now become almost a matter of history. Nor shall we be confuted by the recent prominence of "Confession" among points of religious controversy. For it is clear enough to those who look below the surface that the sacerdotal side of the business has had, in fact, very little to do with the real matter at issue; and that, in so far as the

public indignation has been seriously roused at all, quite other causes have been at work to produce the commotion.

Newmanism has clearly fulfilled its mission, and has accomplished the sum total of good and of evil which was to be expected from a strong theological excitement, arising out of the exaggeration of certain elements in the liturgy and constitution of the Anglican Church. Meantime, a direct reaction was not likely to follow. On one hand, the mass of the people had never been laid hold of to such a degree as would tend to bring about a corresponding fervour of iconoclasm, excepting in a very few localities, and those of a quite peculiar character. And, on the other, those tenets which would have afforded the most natural scope for direct reaction were already embodied in a system entirely destitute of any pretence to the charms of novelty, and were represented by a church party already past its culminating point, and already verging towards the period of senescence, not to say of dotage.

Instead, therefore, of an anti-movement to Newmanism, we have now in active and recognised operation a principle which may be regarded as the resultant of the two extremes.

Within the pale of the Established Church this principle has been pretty generally distinguished as the "Broad Church Theory;" and those of the clergy who come under its influence are looked upon as forming a *tertium quid* in the body ecclesiastic, a species of Anglican eclectics, admitting of a somewhat different complexion according as their antecedents have lain in the direction of Geneva or in that of Rome.

But the Broad Church principle is destined to be something more to the country, perhaps to the world, than the primary and antithetical significance of the name may seem to indicate. We will but point to one prominent feature in its development hitherto, and leave the reader to draw his own inferences.

Nearly four and twenty years have passed away since Dr. Arnold, writing about Coleridge's "Letters on Inspiration," made use of the following words, "Have you seen," he says to Mr. Justice Coleridge, "your uncle's 'Letters on Inspiration,' which I believe are to be published? They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question, which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions—the greatest, probably, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility. Yet it must come; and will end, in spite of the fears and clamours of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting and more sure establishing of Christian truth." The "momentous question," which is here somewhat darkly hinted at, was, no doubt, one that is inseparably bound up with the Broad Church principle, bringing as it does a rational interpretation of the Scriptures into collision with the uncompromising method of literalism. On this latter method are based, more or less obviously, all the leading tenets of that remarkable theological system, which attained its more exact development in the hands of Calvin, and has been named after him. And here it is that Calvinism and Romanism so strangely join hands, both propounding to the faithful an unerring oracle, which may be accepted as final and complete; the only difference being, that it is derived by the one system from an infallible text, by the other from an

infallible Church. The result common to both systems is radically unhealthy, though very different degrees of disorder are to be noticed. The evil consists in this—that all labour and perplexity in *searching* for the truth is taken away; a search, it must be remembered, which has been truly said to be the most desirable object to human infirmity and indolence.

"Pater ipse colendi,
Haud faciem esse viam volunt."

is no less a law in the world of religion and of morality, than it is in the physical world. And the recognition of this necessity of labour forms one of the chief characteristics of the Broad Church principle, the development of which has realised Dr. Arnold's anticipations in no mean degree. The admission of an appeal to learning, and the acknowledgment of the conclusions of natural science, to correct and guide our conceptions of biblical declarations, are now universally adopted, or very feebly disputed. To these may be added the allowance of critical aids in whatever kind towards determining the sense of passages according to the context; the reference to distinctions of time, place, and circumstance; of manners, prejudices, and opinions; the due perception of metaphor and allegory; and the broad rule of qualifying particular assertions by the general tenor of the dispensation of which they form a part.*

We have said so much on this particular subject, hoping thus to indicate a little more definitely than any mere name could do, the theory or principle of Christian consciousness to which it is allied. The adoption of this principle strikes at the root of *dogmatism*, properly so called; but it is one thing to do that, and quite another to impugn the necessity or the expediency of Christianity existing and working in the individual under some definite form. The great superiority of this as compared with more dogmatic principles is, rather, that it refuses to confound the forms with the essence of Christianity, and thus admits of a comprehension of view, as well as of a liberal and sympathetic charity, which certainly appears, from an *ab extra* point of observation, a much more legitimate result to arrive at than an endless turmoil of Creeds, Confessions, and Decrees of Councils.

Now, it is obvious that a principle like this has a sceptical side, just as the more dogmatic principles have a strongly superstitious side, which in its turn borders also upon scepticism. An excess in the undervaluing of form is itself likely to harden into a vicious dogma. And this danger has been clearly conceived and worthily described by one of the most careful thinkers of our day, who reads a warning lesson to him that—

"—after toll and storm

[May] seem to have reached a purer air;
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor care to fix itself to form."

But then there is a strictly orthodox side as well. It is on this side that some of the noblest, ablest, and most useful of the English clergy, whether in high places or in low, are at the present day to be found. And on this side stood *Augustus Neander*, one of the most eminent theologians, if not the most eminent of all, that have appeared on the continent during the first half of this century.

Neander was born in 1789, and died only

eight years ago, in August, 1850. He thus witnessed the rise and the decline of the Oxford movement, and he felt nothing in common with it. Not but that he estimated the germs of good in the prevailing excitement at a far more correct value than many among the countrymen of the agitators were able to do. But he was looking forward with an intense and yearning expectation to a revival of another and very different character. The preface to the first edition of his "History of the Planting of Christianity" sufficiently indicates the nature of his hopes. He firmly believed that a "new creation" based upon the perennial foundations of the ancient faith would arise in the Christian Church after the "storms of spring," which was the name he gave to commotions in the German theological world during the first decades of this age. "But I cannot agree," he says, "with the conviction of those . . . who think that this new creation will be only a repetition of what took place in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and that the whole dogmatic system, and the entire mode of contemplating divine and human things, must return as it then existed." He rather regarded the pre-eminence of the one truth to consist in the maintenance of its triumphant worth under all changes of form. And he dreaded what Niebuhr called "throwing the ball backwards and forwards." By which figure he meant to point out a common tendency to return to the old after the novelty of a thing is worn away by use; to find a sort of pseudo-newness and freshness in the old, which has become unfamiliar, but is nevertheless effete; and, thus, never to advance. Very fond, too, Neander was of those noble words of Luther, which are so entirely characteristic of the point of view we are considering, that they may without apology be quoted entire: "When standing at a window, I have gazed on the stars, and the whole beautiful vault of heaven, and saw no pillars on which the builder had set such a vault; yet the heavens fell not in; and that vault still stands firm. Now there are simple folk who look about for such pillars, and would fain grasp and feel them. But since they cannot do this, they quake and tremble, as if the heavens would certainly fall in, and for no other reason than because they cannot grasp or see the pillars; if they could but lay hold of them, then the heavens (they think) would stand firm enough."

With feelings like these, it will excite no wonder to find that Neander possessed a truly Catholic spirit in his relations to other theologians. That scientific differences are of very small comparative moment, and that the fellowship which is above all science should be preserved sacred; that the many differences of opinion and feeling which mark the activity and earnestness of the present age, are far better than the general indifference and lifeless formality which went before, and that we should constantly practise the transporting of ourselves to the standpoint of our neighbour,—these were some of his leading rules, which are amply carried out in the composition of his works. Even in zeal for a definite form, he knew how to esteem and to love a zeal for the essence which lay at the bottom. And he could never "have anything in common with those who will not do justice to such zeal, or, instead of treating it with the respect that is always due to zeal and affection for what is holy, with Jesuitical craft aim at rendering others suspected, by imputing to them sinister motives and designs."

We have, perhaps, said enough to suggest the conclusion that Neander's writings are likely to repel the members of the two extreme sections in the Church of England. Owing in part, however, to the very convenient form in which it has been presented to the English public, the "History of the Church" has enjoyed no small circulation in this country. So has the "History of the Planting of Christianity," a work on the special part performed by the Apostles in raising the fabric of the Church, the second volume being enriched by the well-known "Antignostikus" or "Spirit of Tertullian," a monograph designed to be a contribution to the history of Christian doctrine and morals in the first ages. But there are other people to be repelled by Neander, besides the ultra-orthodox, and there is something more than his matter to offend the ordinary English reader. His manner is far from being a good one, even for the purpose of communicating his vast stores of knowledge to his own countrymen, and for an Englishman who has a natural antipathy to strongly-marked Teutonisms in speech and design. Neander must indeed possess few attractions. Thus we find Rist, a very acute and sensible correspondent of Perthes, the well-known Hamburg publisher, who published Neander's "Julian" and suggested to him the first idea of the "History of the Church," writing as follows in the autumn of 1825, soon after the first part of the "History" appeared:

"I have many objections to its form, the book being by no means well put together. He who would write the history of those times should study Gibbon, not indeed because of the spirit he displays, but because of his noble and truly sublime arrangement." Let us add, however, what he says further on in the letter:—"As to the contents of the first volume, they have thoroughly proved Neander's historical vocation. He possesses, in an uncommon degree, extensive learning, sound criticism, and what is more than all, a truly religious mind. This makes up for all defects, and delights by its contrast with the narrow formalism of the small ecclesiastical heroes of our days. It is an admirable and thoroughly Christian book, which prizes form less than spirit, and will be able to hold its ground against the attacks of all the Antichrists who care for nothing but form." Perthes himself, who regarded Neander as an inadequate authority on practical matters of Church polity, believed him to be unrivalled as an exponent of the "inner life."

And the reader will not fail to observe that this is precisely what may be regarded as a special qualification for writing the History of Dogmas as distinguished from pourtraying the active external life of the Christian community. Accordingly, we find that Neander took great delight in delivering the lectures which formed the nucleus of these volumes before his class at Berlin. "Rightly understood, the word *δόγμα* (opinion, notion) is peculiarly fitted to mark the human side in the development of divine truth." The theory of a History of Dogmas requires, therefore, to be limited to that period of time which on the one hand does not trench, in a backward review, upon the Apostolic times, nor on the other, in coming down to later periods, upon our own. There is, in the highest sense, a "divinity" that hedges in the primitive age, and excludes it from the region or the operation of *dogma*; and our own times have not as yet become the subject of *history*. Neander therefore divides

* This enunciation is taken from Professor Baden Powell's "Christianity without Judaism," Essay II., p. 51.

his work into three uneven periods, the first reaching from the Apostolic age to Gregory I., the second from Gregory I. to the Reformation, the third embracing a brief period immediately following the Reformation. The whole work is full of interest; and the English translator, Mr. Ryland, has earned considerably more than the "negative reputation" usually conceded to literary work of this sort.

British Archaeology: its Progress and Demands. By A. H. Rhind, F.S.A., &c. (J. R. Smith.)

Notes on the Ecclesiastical Remains at Runston, Sudbrook, Dinharn, and Llan-Bedr. By Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., V.P.S.A., and Thomas Wakeman, Esq. (Newport: Printed for the Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Association.)

History of the Priory of Coldingham, from the Earliest to the Present Time. By William King Hunter, of Stoneshiel. (Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.)

We have yoked these three works together as illustrating some rather interesting topics, which have for some time past been engaging a good deal of attention among archaeologists, and some public attention also. These may be briefly stated to be the formation of a national collection of British antiquities; the conservation of ancient remains; and the restoration of old buildings, since to them any collateral matters are really subsidiary.

Until quite recently nothing was more remarkable in that enormous structure, the British Museum, than the absence of anything specifically British. If you wanted to give a foreigner, or to obtain for yourself, an idea of the extent and character of the British fauna, or the nature of the early remains of the British people, the British Museum was the last place to which you need go for the purpose. Yarrell or Bell in hand you might hunt out among the countless swarms of birds, beasts, and fishes of the entire habitable globe a good many of those which were denizens of the British Isles; but without some such guide the search would be found very wearisome and most likely unprofitable. If you complained you were told that the arrangement was the true and scientific one, and you were laughed at as an unscientific ignoramus—as no doubt you were, or you would not have ventured to make the complaint. Yet, in wandering through those well-stored galleries, we have often thought as we watched the crowds flowing on and on in hopeless wonder-stricken bewilderment, with how much more intelligent interest and curiosity they would have examined distinct collections of the natural history of their own country, if the authorities could only have descended from their lofty scientific standpoint and have made some such provision for the wants and capacities of the great bulk of the visitors. With what eagerness, to pursue the subject a step further, would the Londoner observe in a country ramble any strange birds, insects, fishes, if he knew that on his return he could go straight to a particular room in the National Museum, and there at once find and identify them, get the key thereto to further information respecting their habits, order, &c., even though he knew nothing of classification and nothing of the horrific nomenclature which scientific men affix *in terrorem* to genus, species, and individual! This would be a dreadfully rude and vulgar process, but it would at least

afford harmless amusement, and in some instances might prove a first step to more systematic study. Of course it is not to be thought of. The high scientific road must continue to be travelled over alike by the *savant* and the smatterer.

And as with the natural history, so was it with the antiquities. Indeed worse. For among the specimens accumulated from every corner of the earth, air, and waters, you might find British birds and fishes if you only knew under what division to look for them. But whilst you could find antiquities from Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome, Asia, Africa, and America—from the most glorious productions of the chisel of a Phidias down to the rudest carving of a South Sea savage—there was nothing that would enable you to trace the growth of the arts in the British islands, nothing to illustrate the actual state of the primeval races, the emergence of the inhabitants from barbarism, the predominance or the influence of Celt, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman; and, coming downwards, nothing to show the state of Art in this country as compared with that of the Continent during the middle ages.

In the matter of national antiquities, however, some progress has been made during the last few years. One or two private collections have been obtained, many particular specimens have been purchased or presented, and there is now a "British and Mediæval Room." But the British portion is limited to one side of the room, and comprises only pre-historic and Roman remains, and a very large number of unoccupied shelves and trays: naked, bare, cold, and unattractive. The other side of the room contains a rich Mediæval collection, Majolica ware, Limoges enamels, Italian and German ivory-carvings, and medals, but nothing British. Consequently there being no large systematised collection of British remains and nothing to direct the visitor's attention to the stone and bronze "celts" and arrow heads, the broken fragments of pottery, and the rude sword blades, or to explain their significance, nearly every one passes on the other side of the way, where all the showy articles are, and except to a few zealous students the British collection is almost unknown.

It is to assist in remedying this state of things that Mr. Rhind's work is published. The first essay in it, and that which gives its title to the volume, was originally published about three years ago; it is now reprinted in a revised form. Mr. Rhind shows at length that British antiquities have been systematically neglected by the trustees of the British Museum; and urges with much reason that there ought to be created a department of National Antiquities, to the head of which should be entrusted the formation of a complete collection of British remains, not by chance purchases and chance bequests and donations merely, but by a systematic course of action; by which means he has little doubt, and probably no one who has considered the subject will have much doubt either, we should soon have a collection of national antiquities like that famous one at Copenhagen, "a museum of the growth of little more than thirty years, and the product of no extravagant outlay, which in extent and value is perfectly extraordinary."

The Copenhagen Museum is chiefly of primeval antiquities, and these are what Mr. Rhind seems to have mainly in view. It has been principally by means of the contents of this museum, and the researches made in

connection with the department to which it belongs, that the Northern antiquaries have been enabled to elaborate their favourite theory of a primeval stone, bronze, and iron period. Had we a department of national antiquities with a really national museum, our archeologists would be better qualified to corroborate or refute that hypothesis as far as these islands are concerned. But we believe that it would be a mistake, in founding a museum of national antiquity intended to be really worthy of the name, to confine it to the pre-historic and the Roman, or even to the pre-Norman ages. On the contrary, we believe that it should also comprise at least the Mediæval period; and, in fact, serve to illustrate the entire history of early British ornamental art and manufacture, and, as far as such a collection could, the social condition and progress of the people of these islands.

Mr. Rhind's appeal includes also the adoption of measures for the preservation of early and especially primeval remains, which are now, "even when situated under the most favourable conditions for preservation, constantly being obliterated"—a fact to which every antiquary can bear witness. Throughout England and Wales before the march of agricultural improvement, in Scotland and Ireland under the wane of superstition (for it is a curious fact that to the superstitious veneration in which primeval remains were formerly held, their preservation is to be in a great measure attributed,) the vestiges of primeval antiquity are rapidly disappearing. Towards the saving of those that are left, our author thinks "much might be effected, perhaps the end in view would be completely accomplished, were Government, directly or indirectly, to exercise a conservative charge, such as exists in Denmark, less efficiently but with contemplated improvement in France, and in some of the German states." Until Government supervision be adopted Mr. Rhind trusts to the "more general diffusion of rational information respecting native archaeology," and to the recognition, on the part of landed proprietors, that to them is entrusted the guardianship of these national relics, "their country's primeval records." If to these be added local archaeological associations, perhaps all the means, short of Government interference, will have been named that can be relied on.

The other essay in Mr. Rhind's work is a reprint of a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland on "The Law of Treasure Trove," and is intended to aid in effecting a repeal of the present law, and the more liberal treatment of the finders of articles of intrinsic worth.

The second work on our list is exactly what its title imports, "Notes on the Ecclesiastical Remains" of three or four little sequestered nooks on the Welsh side of the British Channel, or rather of the estuary of the Severn between Chepstow and Newport. None of the buildings are of much general interest, but the Monmouthshire Antiquarian Association has done well in calling local attention to them, and in inducing two of its members to draw up a careful and intelligent account of their history and present state; and that it was none too soon for such an account to be prepared may be gathered from the opening statement of one of these memoirs: "Dinham at the present time offers but little to the study of the antiquary; the ancient buildings having, in the course of the year 1857, been either taken

down or entirely altered, for the purpose of forming a better barn and stable for the adjoining farmhouse." Part of the baptismal font was found in use as a trough for the pump—far less base use than that from which the font of Coldingham Priory was lately rescued, that namely of serving as a pig's trough—and "a coffin-stone with a raised cross of the early character of the 13th century" was built into the garden wall. As the writers very truly observe, "this instance shows how necessary it is, without loss of time, to record and preserve memorials of existing remains before the hands of time and improvement cause further dilapidation, or their entire removal." Of course this instance is only one among many of the like destruction of ancient remains, where either from their comparatively small or unpicturesque character they have not succeeded in obtaining a place in the tourist's itinerary. If, however, local societies like this Monmouthshire Antiquarian Association were adequately supported, their influence would frequently be sufficient to preserve such vestiges, and if they failed in that they would at least be able "to preserve and record memorials" of them. These notices, as we have said, are carefully and intelligently drawn up, and without being overloaded with mere antiquarian minutiae, enter into sufficient specific detail. The illustrations give all the more important features. They are drawn on stone by Mr. Lee, the secretary, and without much artistic merit serve their purpose; but should Mr. Talbot's new system of photographic etching answer, it would be the very thing required for illustrating neatly and with precision such antiquarian descriptions as these. The Association, we are sorry to see, suffers from insufficient funds. If "the number of members were increased to some extent," we are told, the Committee would be able to proceed with a volume on the Civil Antiquities of the county. Surely such an appeal will meet with a warm response. We commend the matter to all Monmouthshire folk who take an interest in the many civil and ecclesiastical remains which add so much to the picturesque features of their beautiful county.

The "History of the Priory of Coldingham" is an account of the measures which have been taken for repairing the fragment of an ancient priory seated beside the Reckleside Burn, on the rugged east coast of Berwickshire. Coldingham Abbey was the place to which, in 660, Etheldrida, the wife of King Egfrid, retired when, relinquishing the pomps and vanities of the world, she took the veil and gave herself up to religious contemplation. But beyond the honour of first receiving her, Coldingham derived little benefit from the royal devotee. In the following year she withdrew to settle at Ely, where she founded a cathedral. The abbey was destroyed by the Danes in 870; and it remained a ruin till 1098, when St. Cuthbert appeared in a vision to King Edgar and enjoined him to found on the site of the desecrated abbey a priory; which the good king accordingly did, and dedicated it to the holy saint who had vouchsafed to visit him. This was the first priory founded in Scotland. Its subsequent history will be found fully recorded in Mr. Hunter's volume: its prosperity, the power and pride of the priors, and how, if an unlucky skipper made free with any of the priory lambs, as of old skippers would if their stores ran out, and their crew were on short commons, the prior would

send after him and if he caught him would have him hung up in the market-place with a short shift; how, in later times, worldly-minded nobles seized by force on the office of prior and converted the monastic revenues to their own use; how, later, even the king himself made the office a sinecure for one or other of his minions; how things went on from bad to worse, till the establishment perished in the storm which swept away all the religious houses in Scotland; how the church was still used by the dominant party; how Cromwell's artillery, in 1650, battered down the main tower; how it was again repaired and used as a kirk, and all its latter fortunes till about three years back, when as it was found to be rapidly going to ruin the heritors of Coldingham parish, acting on the advice of a competent architect, determined to get rid of all the modern incongruities which encumbered it, to thoroughly restore the old work, and to add as much new as was necessary in a style corresponding with the old portion, and once again render it a worthy place of Christian worship. All that remained of the ancient priory available for this purpose were the northern and eastern walls of the choir, which are of very elegant transition work of the Norman and first-pointed period. Southern and western walls corresponding in character but plainer in style have been erected, and the whole now forms a substantial and comfortable church.

This is in its way a good example of what restoration ought to be. Every one must rejoice to see an ancient building so "restored." But much of the restoration work now going on through the length and breadth of the land is of very questionable value. In the place of the old weather-worn but genuine work of the glorious old Gothic architects, we have clean prim modern chiselling, and it may be doubted whether in a few years a grand old Gothic pile will remain unmodernized. At Coldingham the restoration was a matter of necessity. And it was carried out in a very creditable spirit. The old work was thoroughly repaired; the new was made conformable in character, but not sought to be so assimilated as to be undistinguishable from the old. The restoration was partly effected by Government aid. The heritors of the parish having memorialised the Government, and succeeded in obtaining the promise of aid to the amount of nearly half the entire expenditure, raised the other half themselves, and the repairs were executed with great care and zeal by a native architect, Mr. W. J. Gray, under direct Government supervision, the whole outlay being under 1500*l.*; and thus has been preserved and "handed down to futurity a specimen of artistic skill unsurpassed, in as far as it extends, by any in Scotland."

Having thus completed their great work, the heritors prevailed on one of their number to draw up an account of what had been accomplished, and a sketch of the history of the priory. Mr. Hunter has produced a complete and learned volume, and one that tells everything which it can be necessary to know respecting the parish as well as the building. And in it much local history is also embodied, many notices of puritanic discipline in the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries, and scraps of folk lore, as well as illustrations of Scottish history and antiquities. The work is got up in a handsome manner, has several finished steel engravings of views of the priory in its present state, the ruined portions, ground

plans, &c. Altogether it does great credit to the industry and attainments of the author, as well as to the public spirit of the heritors.

NEW NOVELS.

Maud Bingley. By Frederica Graham. (Bell & Daldy.)

We forget who was the great man whose wisdom declared that the man of thoughts ought to be judged by his deeds, the man of deeds by his thoughts. The dictum sounds very profound, and may be very true. But we should be loath to apply this paradoxical rule of judgment to the book before us. Among the very many *genera* of novels there are two that possess a marked distinction—the novel of action and the novel of thoughts. The two are rarely very successfully combined: when they are, the result produces a first-rate work of fiction.

Now "Maud Bingley" is a novel of thoughts, rather than a novel of action: and, as it is a very excellent novel in its way, we should be sorry because its most prominent merits lie in its thoughts, to judge it solely by its deeds. In fact, its incidents are comparatively few and not of the most original nature. But as a novel of *character* alone it may take a very prominent position in the busy world of modern fiction. When we say that the best novels of Miss Austen and the best tales of Miss Edgeworth cannot show more tact, more profound appreciation of the human heart and worldly motives, more judicious analysis of varied temper and feeling, we consider we have given it just praise.

It is precisely in the development of *character* that the powers of the authoress are most remarkably shown. But this development necessitates a minuteness of moral portraiture, which, as it is generally painted through the medium of conversations, occasionally causes the action of the tale to linger. The dialogue, however, is penned with so much simple naturalness and real truth, without ever falling into triviality or even commonplace; and it is so completely consistent with the varied characters of the dramatis personae, that the reader is led on by the pleasant charm of feeling that he lives and breathes and walks with every personage in the little world before him, and listens to their voices. Did not each several personage rise up before his eyes with peculiar distinctness, we might say that, like a blind man, he must know *who* speaks, from the discriminating tenor of the style, were he not told who it was had spoken. And thus he cannot fail of laying down the book with a sort of conviction that he is not only intimately acquainted with every creature in the tale before him, but that they are living realities, rather than creations of the brain. This sense of reality, indeed, is the one great element that by its simple art sustains the interest of the reader through a long tale, in which the more striking incidents are "few and far between."

As might be expected from a woman's book, the characters of the female personages are perhaps more boldly and, at the same time, more neatly and finely painted than those of the men. The character of the heroine herself, with her calm spirit of self-sacrifice and abnegation, yet not without her womanly weakness, who without strain or effort, and, as it were unconsciously, exercises a beneficial influence on all around her, is an exquisite creation. More powerfully, and yet as nicely discriminated, and with as much *finesse*, is that of the heartless, selfish, vain aunt Mrs. Murray. The portraiture of the fine-lady coquette, Lady Louis Crichton, must have been a more dangerous, if not a more difficult, task. But the picture is so truthfully touched, so devoid of the exaggeration of over-colouring, that the artist may be congratulated on having executed a little *chef d'œuvre*. Not less admirably wrought up are the more miniature portraits of the pert but compassionate lady's maid, and the right-minded, stout-hearted old nurse.

If we have given the preference to the ladies, however, we must not be unjust in our survey of the little gallery of male portraits. First, perhaps, in truth of likeness stands the vain and boisterous heavy Life Guardsman, the man *all but* a gentleman. If this picture be not painted from the life, we must give the authoress credit for intuitive perceptions of character, which border on the marvellous when the insight into the feelings of the opposite sex is considered. Next in truth stands the sketch of the spoiled, rough, noisy, younger brother, half-schoolboy, half-man, regardless of the feelings of others, although not destitute of affection. This is a sketch that has succeeded all the better from the extreme difficulty of not rendering it utterly repulsive. The portraits of the other brothers are less distinctly characterised; although the reader's sympathies are enlisted in favour of the excellent Arthur, and our interest is excited in the ardent susceptible Herbert, the prey to the wiles of the heartless vacillating coquette, with sufficient power to render them excellent accessories to the more prominent personages of the story. Far more elaborate and minute is the picture of the uncle, Mr. Murray, the hard, calculating, seemingly heart-dried old man of business, whose better feelings bud, blossom, and ripen into something like good fruit under the sunny influence of Mand Bingley's warm affections. The roughly and irritably expressed agony of the old man when he considers the life of a beloved nephew in danger, his utter unconsciousness that he has a really affectionate heart in his seemingly cold bosom, and his embarrassment at his first feelings upon its awakening at the magic touch of his neglected niece, are among the most psychologically truthful and touching portions of the story. Nor in this survey of the gallery must we forget the half-length portrait of the country physician, whose feelings of duty struggle stoutly with his respect for rank and wealth. That, too, is perfect in its way.

As a book of thoughts the tale contains many that might be worthy of extract. But as they are more interwoven into the natural progress of the tale than given as the writer's own individual opinions, and are thus artistically used, it would be difficult to tear away the little gems from the surrounding setting. But whether the authoress shows how "it is a part of the idiosyncracy of selfish people to ascribe to others the faults which are the most glaring in themselves," or characterises the sentiment of the coquette as "frittered away in idle flirtations and frothy fancies," or demonstrates how human nature is not constituted to endure any strong emotion at the same pitch, and how though "it may never utterly vanish" it must, "like the ebbing flowing tide, have its intervals of change, be it hope, despair, or that calm dull repose which partakes of both extremes of feeling," or describes the first thrill of love as "a strange sort of sweetness to be felt, not described, and alas! hardly to be envied," or teaches that "it is better, though the flesh quiver, and the heart quail, to suffer than to cause suffering," or tells us that men "have so long played with the counterfeit (of love) that they scarce know the answering ring of the true metal," she always falls upon an excellent moral truth. And of such there are hundreds throughout the book.

Although then, the action of the story may sometimes drag on a little slowly, since, from the nature of the book, motive for action necessitates so great an amount of minute preparation, "Mand Bingley" is a novel which, if read with thought and care, will enlist the sympathies of readers, awaken their interest, and ever and anon call forth their tears.

The Two Brides, or the French Chateau and the English Home. By F. Baldwin. (James Blackwood.)

THERE are doubtless many advantages to be gained by a pleasant and suggestive title. But the disadvantages arising from disappointment to the reader, when the suggestions naturally

excited by that same title are not borne out, are far more weighty, although too often overlooked in authorship. The disappointment engenders from the very first a carping and a fretful spirit, which it requires a vast amount of talent on the part of the author to overcome during the perusal of the book. Now, we ask all novel-readers, whose imaginations are at all excited by a title (and the well-known difficulty of selecting a good title to a book pre-supposes their being thus affected), whether in dreaming over the double title set before them, they would not see at once a pleasant sketch of modern manners, the position of the "Two Brides," one conveyed to a "French Chateau," the other snugly domiciled in an "English Home," and an appreciative contrast between the habits, social manners, modes of thinking and acting, and moral position of various grades of society in the two countries? Of course they would. But we are sorry to inform them that they would be grievously disappointed; and, as the ability displayed in the book is by no means of sufficient force to crush this first feeling of disappointment, we consider we are rendering a service to the author (should we not say "authoress"?) by warning them at once that they must not permit themselves any such fancies, but must expect to find the "Two Brides" wandering through scenes of historical romance, for which "The Camp," "The Court," "The Town Mansion," or the "Palace of Whitehall" would just as appropriately take their place as *aliases*, as "The French Chateau and the English Home." We may console them, however, with the assurance that the disappointment will not be entire; for although they will be led along the glittering paths of historical romance amidst *quasi-historical* scenes, and surrounded by historical personages, they need by no means lose the first impression that the story is one of modern manners. As far as conversation, turns of expression, modes of feeling and thinking, and in a great measure, customs and habits go, they may still have the gratification of imagining themselves engaged in the perusal of a tale of modern days. Nor will they find their illusions destroyed when they read (p. 342), that one of the three transcendent heroines (for we have positively three brides instead of two) was attired at the Court of Henri IV. of France in a dress of white crape, looped up with sprigs of white roses, and with a wreath of similar flowers on her brow!

As is thus intimated, the scenes of the tale are laid in great part at the camp and at the Court of Henri IV.; others form the decorations of curious episodical incidents connected with the reign of our own Elizabeth. As actors in the former, we find the Due de Sully, the Due d'Épernon, and other personages known to have existed in those days, who come in and out, and talk according to the author's fashion and fancy. On the English side of the Channel we have Burleigh, and Essex, and other minor celebrities, who have also their exits and entrances, but affect very slightly the main doings, fortunes, or misfortunes of the principal characters of the tale. The French king called *le vaillant* (we suppose *vaillant* is meant) is wholly an idealised sketch due to the fancy of the author. Neither in manner of thinking or speaking (excepting, indeed, an occasional "*Ventre Saint Gris!*"), character, personal appearance, or even costume, does he in any way resemble the Henri IV. of history. On our little stage he is eminently moral and pious—this man, whose morals were of the loosest among the loose, and whose piety was the slave of his state policy: his conversation smacks alternately of the divine, and the Mentor of a Molière play: we find him decked out with a well-proportioned form, which in reality was short and thick, regular features instead of that beak which gave his face the appearance of that of an owl, and lustrous eagle eyes, which history's truth informs us were given to a *squint*: finally, among other incongruities, we are informed that, as he appears upon the battle-field of Ivry, "the royal mantle of France, of crimson velvet, richly powdered with ermine, fell gracefully back from his shoulders." Far better are the descriptions of Elizabeth. The author appears to have derived

the materials for his sketches from better sources of home information; and, although the scenes of quarrel with Essex, and the bestowal of the famous traditional ring, are far more than a "twice-told tale," and gain a hundred-fold impression of tediousness in consequence, there are some portions of the incidents in which the Queen appears that are marked with a nice appreciation of her impetuous, highly sensitive, and pettish nature. In the matter of costume also (spite of a few tendencies to ideal ultra gorgeousness of a very questionable theatrical nature), we find here more correctness; and every change of toilet in the Virgin Queen has its pages of elaborated notice. These descriptions will be found, notwithstanding some drawbacks, to possess considerable interest.

As regards descriptions of the dresses of the ladies, while the gentlemen remain wholly neglected in this particular, they are so multiplied throughout the tale, and are evidently dwelt on with so much *gusto*, that we wonder we should have ever hesitated to place the final "ess" to the quality of author. The profusion of velvets, satins, ermine linings, gold embroidery, feathers, and jewels heaped up throughout the pages would suffice to make the fortunes, for ever and for aye, of a score of happy managers of provincial theatres.

The main interest of the tale (as far as any interest can be discovered in a story unusually rambling and disconnected) appears to rest upon the position of a young French couple, affianced since their childhood, loving each other as brother and sister, and awaiting their lot with calm content, until each of the pair falls in love with somebody else—the lady with a young English hero—the gentleman with a fine Old English Gentlewoman. After struggling with their conflicting feelings between love and duty to each other during the whole book, and very perversely refusing to come to any explanation of their reciprocal feelings, that might bring the story to a close at once, they discover the double truth by accident, and are of course happy ever after, thanks likewise to the convenient death of a prejudiced papa, and to the intervention of Henri IV. as a *Deus ex machina*. The English heroine, the choice of the French affianced gentleman, is a far more stirring young lady than her rival, who does little more than passively ring the changes upon the griefs of a distressing position, which never varies, although introduced in repeated scenes. Our fair countrywoman, a maid of honour in the train of Elizabeth, on the contrary, discovers, by listening through a chink in the wall, a conspiracy to attempt the life of the Queen. Being desirous of saving her Queen and country like a true heroine, all alone, she mentions her discovery to no one; she allows precious time to pass, and finally she rushes frantically about the streets of London in despair, and arrives in the Queen's presence only in time to dash a poisoned cup from her lips. This extraordinary mania for appropriating all the heroism to herself places her in the position of accused instead of accuser: and she is arrested and conveyed to prison. It is only long afterwards that we learn, by a little chit-chat information, kindly bestowed upon the friends most interested in her fate (we wonder whether the reader will be) by the king of France, and which reads as if his majesty had gathered it from a newspaper reporter, that our heroine somehow or other was enabled to "get off." Around these main sources of interest are grouped a variety of personages, more or less engaged in episodical scenes, little connected and loosely contrived. Occasionally we are treated to comic scenes between an old warrior and a little vivacious French *bonne*, which are made to do the same sort of duty as what are technically called "carpenter scenes," between two comic servants in an ill-constructed play, but in which, we must admit, the tough little old lady appears as one of the best drawn characters in the book. To those who seek neither art nor consistency in a story-book, the "Two Brides" may afford perhaps some amusement; and to their hands we resign it thankfully.

SHORT NOTICES.

Our Little Ones in Heaven. (Sampson Low, Son, & Co.) The reports of the Registrar-General tell us exactly the average number of children removed by death every year from families in all parts of the country; and as an element in social statistics the information, with the deductions from it, has a certain degree of utility. But how it mocks the individuals whose domestic circles have been rent by the King of Terrors! The broken spirit of a bereaved mother, for example, draws but little consolation from Dr. Farr's decimals; nor can all the explanations of the physical causes of a high or a low mortality bring parental feelings back to their normal condition when there were no gaps in the family. Statistically there are comparatively few families in which all the children attain the age of manhood. By that measure we may estimate the number in which a book of this kind will awaken sad reminiscences. That, however, is very far from its object. The design is just the reverse. It is to administer comfort; and this is done by supplying an extensive series of consolatory thoughts in prose and verse, each having a direct application to the distress entailed by such painful separations. The collection might have been larger, but it could scarcely have been more complete or more effectual for the purpose.

Anecdotes of Dogs. By Edward Jesse, Esq. (Henry G. Bohn.) The new edition of this popular compilation appears to have been published as an additional volume to "Bohn's Illustrated Library." Besides the customary "additions and corrections" of a new edition, however, it has been so greatly augmented with new matter, to say nothing of an appended essay "on the feeding and management of dogs," that it almost takes rank as a new work. At the present period its appearance is, in one respect, most *apropos*. Although certainly not designedly written to advocate the "Rarey system" and extend its beneficial influence from horses to dogs, yet it so frequently inculcates the method of kindness and sympathy in the education of the canine race, either by incidental implication, or even direct recommendation, that it may be looked upon as following in Mr. Rarey's footsteps, and opening the eyes of the present generation to the conviction, which now more and more gains ground, that gentle treatment of animals, the study of their natural tempers and dispositions, which daily experience demonstrates to us to be as varied in individual horses, dogs, and even cats, as in human beings, and an attempt to use a certain sympathetic and (we will add also, regardless of an incredulous smile perhaps from some of our readers) magnetic attraction, will enable us to gain a new influence over them to direct them to our wills, and capabilities hitherto little used, of bringing forth their latent qualities and imparting to them a vast amount of instruction. As regards the power of the magnetic influence we may surmise, as a matter of theory, without attempting to assert a fact, that of the more domesticated animals dogs are more peculiarly open to its workings, and eats the least. At all events Mr. Jesse would evidently repudiate the truth of a proverb, as untrue as many old world proverbs turn out to be in the light of present times, whatever they may have been in that of "other days," and most monstrously unglorious too, as we fear many maxims of the "good old times" must have been—namely, the proverb that says,

"A spaniel, a wife, and a chestnut tree,
The more they are beaten, the better they be."

We may leave gardeners to decide how far there is truth in the latter instance of amelioration: of course we all scout the veracity of the second: and we are glad to find that Mr. Jesse gives us the authority of his experience to prove that the poor spaniel is none the better for being beaten, but very much the reverse. "The more the character of the dog is known," he says in his preface, "the stronger the sympathy excited in his behalf." He trusts "that a protector so disinterested and courageous will meet with that kindness and affection he so well deserves." Of

the gratitude of dogs for benevolent treatment, their attachment in consequence of benefits received, and their intelligent aptitude for instruction, best called forth when admitted to a familiar and friendly footing with kind masters, he gives more than abundant examples throughout the book.

The Triumphs of Steam. By the author of "Might not Right," &c. (Griffith & Farran.) This is a "Boy's Book," but will be found interesting by "children of a larger growth." It is a compilation, judiciously made, of stories from those lives of the three eminent men, Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson, whose triumphs were upon steam and its applications. For the anecdotes respecting Watt the writer has been largely indebted to Arago and Muirhead, and for those of Stephenson Mr. Smiles has been placed under contribution. But little is said about Arkwright, —not so much as ought to have been perhaps to fill up the design. The result, however, is a work that will probably inspire many a youth in his future life to aim at great and noble objects.

The Logic of Atheism. Three Lectures. By the Rev. Henry Batchelor. (Judd & Glass; and Rodgers & Fowler, Sheffield.) These lectures were delivered some time ago in Sheffield in reply to Mr. Holyoake, who is alleged to have previously made a "public assault on Christianity as well as on Theism," before the people of the "city of files and blades." They are distinguished by good temper and close reasoning; and we should say from the mental vigour and intellectual acquirements which they display, that Mr. Batchelor in such a cause is infinitely more than a match for the assailant. In this country Christianity is really unassassable; and this is not the first time that the few individuals who proclaim their rejection of it have been shown to be illogical, and something worse.

Self-Made Men. By C. C. B. Seymour. (New York, Harpers; London, Sampson Low, Son & Co.) A batch of sixty biographies of various degrees of merit intended to show that the moral of a man's life is in his actions, and that by prudence and integrity, eminence may be attained in spite of adverse circumstances of birth and fortune. We have no alternative but to approve of such lessons. The sketches are fairly proportioned between the faithful subjects of Queen Victoria and the fellow-citizens of Mr. Buchanan. If they have any special fault it is in the rosette tints in which each and every character is drawn. Some biographers have only one hero, but Mr. Seymour is not content with less than sixty; and if he found sixty more his facile pen would easily bedeck them with goodness and greatness equal to these. We object to indiscriminate praise. It is as injudicious as indiscriminate censure. Both arise from a limited experience of human nature, and commonly defeat their intention. Mr. Seymour, however, has the merit in nearly all his portraits of keeping his moral in view. Hence, some readers will scarcely appreciate the objection we have hinted rather than expressed, especially as biography when well written, as in this case, possesses charms that, while claiming the attention, disarm the judgment.

Post Office Directory of Cambridge, Norfolk, and Suffolk. (Kelly & Co.) Another of the marvellous works of utility, in which, as we have already observed, England surpasses all the countries of the world. The present is the third edition of the Directory of the Eastern Counties—some proof of the circulation which its merits have secured. Although called "Directory," it is a mistake to assume that the series, for which we are indebted to Messrs. Kelly's enterprise, is a dry collection of names and trades alphabetically arranged. It is something more—it is historical, archeological, agricultural, topographical, as may be seen at once by any one who reads the carefully prepared descriptions that precede the masses of names that are the proper theme of the work. In fact, if we were asked to point out the latest and most reliable description of any town, village, or hamlet in the kingdom, we should without hesitation reply, "The Post Office Directory."

Tales for the Twilight. By Joseph Verey. (James Blackwood.) Some of these tales have appeared anonymously in one of the periodicals, and they are now republished with additions. They are all well told, and are calculated to interest those readers who dislike the intensity which is so commonly attempted in tales of this character.

Light in Darkness; or, Comfort to the Sick and Afflicted. By the Rev. James Anderson. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.) A series of Meditations, Prayers, and Portions of Scripture, upon much the same principle as those contained in "The Whole Duty of Man." The whole are pervaded by a spirit of practical piety, while the language employed by the author is elevated without being declamatory.

The Three Cripples. (Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.) *Sunday Evenings with Sophia.* By Leonora G. Bell. (Griffith & Farran.) These little works are of the same class. Intended to communicate religious and moral instruction to children of tender age, the narratives they contain are of superior excellence, and well adapted to firmly imprint their lessons upon the juvenile mind.

Health and Long Life. By E. Epps. (Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.) A little book of practical precepts, calculated to secure the blessings promised in the title-page. It has reached a second edition, and it is worthy of it.

Mr. Ridgway has published a pamphlet by the Rev. George Charles Broderick, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, entitled *Promotion by Merit, in Relation to Government and Education.* Mr. Broderick advocates merit against privilege, not as a scheme, but as a principle; and his pamphlet is ably written. Mr. Ridgway has also published for "Medicus Cantabrigiensis" a small pamphlet on *Division among the Churches*, in the form of a letter to the Earl of Derby. "Medicus" appears to desire a revision of existing creeds, as the best means of securing unity, and through unity clear religious connections among the people. The design is good, but we fear there is little chance of its practical success. Another translation of M. de Montalembert's celebrated *Debat* under the title of "Montalembert and Constitutional Liberty," has appeared. It is published by Mr. E. Wilson, and has reached a fourth edition.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE notable event of the week has been the so-called trial of the Count de Montalembert, before a police court, and his sentence to an imprisonment of six months, and to a fine of 3000 francs. In our correspondence from Paris, the subject is sufficiently handled to spare us the necessity of further reference to it here. Amid the just indignation of Europe at the mode in which the brilliant writer and orator has been treated, it may be well to remember that he has a fellow-sufferer, the editor of the *Correspondant*, who is also doomed, though more lightly, by the imperial policeman.

The Dublin papers of last Saturday contained the following advertisement:—

"Reward.—The correspondence of the late Duke of Wellington, from September, 1805, to April, 1807, is missing. His grace was of opinion that he had deposited these papers somewhere in Dublin, on assuming, in 1807, the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. They are supposed to be in boxes in some public store, or bank, or in some private house in Dublin. Any information that may lead to the discovery of these papers will be liberally rewarded by the present duke. Reference to Wm. Booth, Esq., C.B., Farm-hill, Dundrum, Dublin."

Considering the exact habits and the regular method of the old Duke, during the whole of his public and professional life, the loss of this correspondence is not a little surprising. Extending over a period of nineteen months, during the whole of which he took an active part in public affairs, it cannot be otherwise than important, and we sincerely trust that it may be speedily recovered. That it is wholly lost we cannot believe. It will be remembered that the Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed in England after eight years' active service in India, in September, 1805—the date at which the missing correspondence appears to have commenced. In

that period the power of Tippoo was extinguished, that of the Mahrattas was broken, the British inhabitants of Bombay declared Sir Arthur "equally great in the Cabinet as in the field;" and some of his most important dispatches on Indian policy were written. It is not improbable, therefore, that some of the missing letters may have reference to his Indian career; as, though it had then terminated, many of his companions in arms remained behind, some of whom were engaged in crushing the great mutiny at Vellore, near Madras, from which place he had sailed on his return to England. In November, 1805, the Duke was sent to Hanover in command of a brigade in the barren expedition under Lord Cathcart. The correspondence will probably be found to contain his private opinions upon the causes which rendered the expedition abortive; and if so, we may also learn something about the then crooked policy of the Prussian Cabinet, and the great victory achieved by Napoleon at Austerlitz. In January, 1806, the Duke was appointed colonel of his own regiment, the 33rd, the fame of which is historical. On the 10th of April, 1806, he was married, and in the same year he was elected member for the borough of Rye, to that seat from whence he so boldly defended the Indian administration of his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley. His letters in connection with these events must possess peculiar interest, both personal and political. In April, 1807, he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland and he first became a member of the Privy Council. Thus the correspondence embraces not the least important period of the Duke's active life, though the events in which he participated possess only secondary interest historically. But in that interval the idea must have been ventilated of sending him to oppose the increasing power of Napoleon; and it will be curious to trace, if this correspondence affords the means, how it arose, and how it was gradually developed; for it was in the following year, 1808, that he was ordered to the Peninsula, where he laid the foundations of his solid renown. Between 1805 and 1807 Trafalgar was fought—the French occupied Naples—Louis Buonaparte was made King of Holland—Napoleon conquered at Jena—the Berlin decrees were issued against England. These are all topics which must have occupied the Duke's pen—privately or professionally. The correspondence, therefore, is of national importance. But that will be a curious chapter in the personal history of the Duke,—how he came to forget where he had deposited the boxes, to neglect taking a receipt for them; and why he made no attempt, so far as is known, to discover them during his lifetime. On this subject we have received the following letter:

I am convinced in my own mind that these despatches will turn up as soon as the present Duke names the reward he intends to make to the lucky finder of them. The old Duke was so orderly and methodical, and his memory was so good, that there can be no doubt but that the papers are all regularly numbered and indorsed, and tied up in some box or safe somewhere in Dublin, and it needs but the offer of a good round sum to set all the clubs in Dublin, and all persons who have piles of old account books and correspondence in their lumber-rooms, hunting up papers and turning them over until the treasure is found, and the treasure-trove earned. It may even be probable that some long-headed, speculative old clerks have a shrewd idea where to lay their hands on these papers; and that they only wait until this manipulation is made worth their while. But it may be fairly doubted whether the desired offer of liberal reward will have the desired effect. People's ideas vary strangely on the meaning of that word "liberal," and from all I hear of the Irish, they are not, in a case of this kind, likely to act precipitately and without a due regard to the main chance. To resume, let Mr. Booth but offer 500*l.*, and Mr. Murray can publish the papers, if he so pleases, between this and Easter-day.

The Great Orchestra at the Crystal Palace, which now accommodates 2500 performers, is to be enlarged previously to the Handel Commemoration next year, so as to give ample space for no fewer than 4000 persons. Such an erection will of itself be a curiosity: it will be three times the size of any orchestra in Europe.

To-morrow, which is Advent Sunday, St. Paul's Cathedral, which has been fitted up for the purpose, will be opened for a series of special services

beneath that unrivalled dome. They are to extend to Easter: and the first two sermons will be preached by the Bishop of London and the Dean. The movement which has led to these services has been very extensively supported; and we believe that Lord Mayor Wire, though a Dissenter, will attend the first in his official capacity, along with the other City authorities.

Robert Owen, of New Lanark, whose death was noticed in our last, was buried at Newtown on Monday. Contrary to his own wishes, and to those of his family, but in deference to those of all classes in the town, the funeral was public. The coffin was quite plain, covered with black cloth, unnailed in the usual way, and the plate bore the inscription:—"Robert Owen, of New Lanark; born in Newtown, May 14th, 1771; died in Newtown, Nov. 17th, 1858." He was interred in the grave of his father and mother within St. Mary's Church, an ancient structure, now partially in ruins, of the tenth century, upon the banks of the Severn, in a spot of sylvan beauty. The enclosure walls of St. Mary's Church are incomplete, wanting suitable gates. Mr. Robert Dale Owen has volunteered the gift of a new pair of iron gates, and also ordered the restoration of a decayed bower, once a historic object in the old churchyard, commemorating a romantic incident. Dr. Slyman, who attended Mr. Owen in his last illness, states that he died of climacteric disease, brought on by exhaustion, and that his death might probably have been averted, had not his prejudice against stimulants led him to refuse them.

We must add to our obituary notices the death of Professor Wallace, M.A., the accomplished editor of the "Popular Educator." For more than thirty years he was a large contributor to educational literature; in the present year he aided in the establishment of the *Photographic News*.

The Rev. John Clay, the well-known chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, has also been removed from his labours by death. He wrote principally on social questions, and his chief distinction rests upon his original and persevering efforts to demonstrate the close connection between crime and ignorance. At one time he was the greatest authority on this subject, and no man was ever more quoted in Parliament upon them than Mr. Clay.

All those interested in photography will hear with regret that Mr. Sutton, of St. Bride, Jersey, the author of the "Dictionary of Photography," and editor of "Photographic Notes," has had his laboratory, with all its valuable contents, entirely destroyed by fire. From a notice to correspondents in the new number of the *Journal of the Photographic Society*, it appears likely that a subscription will be set on foot among photographers for remedying his very serious loss.

We are enabled to announce that the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the very interesting series of extracts from the State Papers which are appearing in the *LITERARY GAZETTE*, has in the press a volume of original and unpublished papers, illustrative of the Life of Rubens, which have been preserved in the State Paper Office. The work will contain many important documents respecting the formation of the Arundelian Collection; letters relating to the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Dudley Carleton, Gentileschi, Le Sueur, Mytens, and many others. It will also embrace many interesting details respecting the collection of pictures formed by Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and the purchase of the "Great Mantuan Collection" for Charles I. The work will greatly extend our information upon these interesting topics. It will be most acceptable—indeed indispensable, historically and artistically, to all existing collections.

Among the other literary intelligence of the week not the least interesting is that Messrs. Longman & Co. contemplate issuing early in January, People's Editions of the Abbé Huc's work on China, and of the Miscellaneous Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, including his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. The latter will appear in seven

monthly parts, at 1s. each, uniform with the People's Edition of Lord Macaulay's Essays. The first edition of the "Life of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck" is exhausted, and a second and cheaper has been published in a single volume, with corrections and additions. A new work on clinical medicine, entitled "Handbook of Hospital Practice; or an Introduction to the Practical Study of Medicine at the Bedside," has been prepared by Dr. Robert D. Lyons, physician to the Jervis Street Hospital, Dublin. A "Memoir of Captain W. Thornton Bate, R.N." by the Rev. John Baillie, author of "Memoirs of Hewitson," of "Adelaide Newton," &c., will shortly be published. Captain Bate fell at the storming of Canton. The "Letters of Sir Augustus Frazer during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns," will be published during the present season. A new edition (the third) of the Rev. Canon Moseley's work on popular astronomy, entitled "Astro-Theology," is in the press. A new edition of Moore's "Lalla Rookh," with woodcut illustrations, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Longman & Co. Moore's "Sacred Songs," arranged for one or more voices, the music printed with the words, complete in one volume, small music size, uniform with the new editions (music and words) of Moore's "Irish Melodies," Moore's "National Melodies," and the "Harmonised Airs from Moore's Irish Melodies," and completing the series, will be published in December. A new work on the scenery of Mont Blanc, entitled, "Scenes from the Snow Fields," by Mr. E. T. Coleman, will be published in December.

A new story entitled "Mildred Norman, the Nazarene," by a Working Man, will shortly be published. The author of this work professes to have derived his materials from the "mud" of modern London social life.—Mr. Paul Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of British North America" will be published early in the approaching season, in 1 vol. 8vo. The author spent four years in traversing those regions to which the recent discovery of gold has imparted a new and daily increasing interest.—Mr. W. Odling, M.A., Professor of Practical Chemistry at Guy's Hospital, and Secretary to the Chemical Society, has prepared for the press a "Manual of Chemistry, Descriptive and Theoretical," which will shortly be published.—Mr. F. T. Conington, M.A., Fellow of the Chemical Society, and of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has nearly ready for publication a "Handbook of Chemical Analysis," adapted to the unitary system of notation, and based upon the fourth edition of Dr. H. Will's "Anleitung zur Chemischen Analyse."—"Conversations on England as It was and is," is the title of a new work adapted for schools and home tuition, by Mrs. Kemp, Author of "Rachel Cohen," to be published in December. That eminent teacher and scholar, the late Dr. Arnold, maintained that Geography and History could only be efficiently taught in connection with each other; and it is in accordance with his views, and with the plan so successfully pursued by him at Rugby, that this work is completed.

OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

FROM the first departure of his last "ill-fated voyage" misfortune seemed to attend Sir Walter Raleigh. He had scarcely made forty leagues from the English coast when his fleet was dispersed and scattered by a tempest, one of his vessels was wrecked, and he was compelled to take refuge in the haven of Cork, where, it is said, he was well received and entertained by Boyle, who had purchased his Irish estates.

We have previously made extracts from the Lord Carew's journals; and are indebted to the same authority for several new and interesting details connected with Raleigh and his voyage at this period. Our old friend Chamberlain is not altogether silent; he tells Carleton in his letter of 5th July, 1617, that :

S^r Walter Raleigh hath met wth a tempest at sea that hath dispersed and scattered his ships, wherof one was driven almost to Bristow; himself and some others are

in several ports of Ireland. He had seven ships and three pinnaces, the whole adventure of him and his followers beeing neare £37,000 wherof 14,000 for his owne account, as I saw under his owne hand. God speed him and send him a better viage then I can hope for.

Our readers will doubtless have remarked the little hope many of those who certainly wished him well had of the success of his undertaking. In most of the letters which contain any allusion to this voyage, the writer concludes with a fervent wish, and some with a prayer, that Raleigh's journey may prove successful. We have already seen that Sir Walter himself felt certain of the success of his enterprise. In proportion to that conviction does he seem to have acted; the most untiring energy, the whole of his remaining property, and the vast resources of his prolific mind were entirely devoted to the realisation of his schemes. The large sum of 14,000*l.*, which we are told he ventured for his own account, and almost the double of that amount contributed by "his followers," is not only a convincing proof of this, but shows that there were many others as sanguine as himself. We cannot contemplate the difficulties which he successfully encountered and the powerful oppositions he overthrew before being permitted to sail, without astonishment, not unmixed with admiration.

Lord Carew appears to have been one of Sir Walter Raleigh's correspondents at this period, for we find the following entry in his journal for August, 1617:

The 23 of this last monethe [August] I heard frome S^r Wallter Ralegh in the heyght of the Northe Cape of Spayne; his fleet was 13 sayle of all sorts, and 1000 good men in them. He sett sayle out of Ireland the 19 of August, whence he repayed himself wth victuals and other necessaries, wherof he stood in want; when he wrote he had a franke gale of wynd and stood to the southward.

Again, in the same month, Carew informs us that

S^r Wallter Ralegh was first by fowle wether enforced to put into Falmouth; after that beinge 40 leagues clearer off the Coast of England in his course to the Southward, was by the force of wether driven into the haven of Corke in Ireland, and in the storm one of his Pinnares was overset wth a sayle and lost in his sight. [He stayed no longer in Ireland than the repayrings and revittayllings his shippes, and about the first of this monethe, he was mett by a man of Lyne in the heyght of the Ilands. God send him a prosperous voyage. The number of his fleet was then 14 sayle.]

The paragraph within brackets has had a pen run through it in lighter ink.

On the 8th of September Carew says :

S^r Wallter Ralegh came to an anchor att the Iland of Lazarota, as you know one of the Isles of the Canaries, from whence one Capten Baylye, who commanded in a shipp of 100 tunnes, stole from him, and is retourned. The cause of his abondonning the flete he alreadgethe to be the feare he had that S^r Wallter would turne piratt, but he dothe nott charge him wth any fact commited. I do think in the end he will be sorry and ashamed, bothe of his returne and for the scandall wth his report hath cast upon his General; in the meane tyme, there is a dowlfull opinion held of S^r Wallter, and those that mallice him boldllye affirme him to be a piratt, wth for my part I will never believe.

Chamberlain also informs Carleton, on the 18th of October :

Here is one Captain Baylie stolne away from S^r Walter Raleigh, who gives out that he is turned pirate, but the world hopes he speaks of malice, and that there is no such matter.

The following letter from the Mayor of Plymouth to the Secretary of State has especial reference to this Captain Baylye, who does not appear to have been particularly anxious to hasten to London to prove his statements :

The Mayor of Plymouth to Secretary Sir Thomas Lake.

Plymouth, the 28 of October, 1617.

Honor^{ble} S^r,

Upon receipte of yr lers of the 19th of presente I made knowne to Capteine Baylie his Mast pleasure, whome I founde not disabled for any sicknes (in appearance) to accomplish the same.

The Master of his Shipp was departed from this Towne more than tenne daies before the lers came to my handes. Upon Captaine Baylie's answeare that he woulde ryde with suche as willingly retourned with him, I informed my selfe of such as ware fittest of them which unwillingly retourned, and fownde one Anthony Wilkins and Richard Prestwood to be two of the sensibele and discreetest men of them, and best able to informe, but perceived them to be destitute of meanes of themselves for such a journey. Wherupon I dealete wth Captaine Baylie to furnishe them, who refused it, pretending his owne wantes, but at length yeelded to paye to paie to two of them ten shillings each, wth beinge they coulde not come upp therwth by horse; least their cominge on foote might greeve some delaye to the cause I offred to disburse theire whole charge of sending them upp by horse, so as he deposited for my securite the value therof of the goods or vintuals retourned of his voyage, but he woulde not. Hence he bath in my presence delivered to the saide Prestwood twelve shillings for his charge, who is to take his journey on foote, and what he will doe yet for thother I cannot certifie, but doth purpose to hasten both him and them awaie wth all speede. Other shipp is not come hither from S^r Walter Rawley, neither anye certaine reporte that I canne learme of his voyage. Certaine Dutchmen heer arrivede wth came from Portugall doth affirme the newes to have beeene there that the Turkes Pirates have taken Porto Santo, one of the Madera Ilandes, and carried away the people. Purposing to certifie yr hon^t as occasion shalbe, accordeinge to yr order, doe in all humilitie crave leave at the present restinge,

Y^r hon^t in all dutie

to be commanded,

THOMAS SHEENWILL, Maior.

To the Hon^{ble} S^r Thomas Lake, Knight,
Secretarie to his Mast,
and one of his Mast most
hono^{ble} privie Counsell, &c.

We read in a letter from Sir John Peyton [Nov. 1617] that

Capt. Bayly hath bin examined, his reporte of S^r W. Raleigh by himselfe affirmed still, but weakly proved by any other testimony, many of his owne company conteste him, and the time elapsed wthout any further complaynete, doth seeme to approve S^r W. R., and condemne the anser. Once he is committed to the Gatehouse till further advisem^t. One shipp is come home that mette him wthin a neare distaunce of the Orennogue [Orinoco].

On January 2, 1618, Nathaniel Brent informs Carleton :

Of Sir Walter Rawleigh nothing is said as yet, but that he is arrived in Guiana. Capt. Bayly that run away from him, and accused him of high maters, is fied and com hence, or hath hid himself, for feare of yr Marchalsey.

On the 17th January, in another letter to Carleton, Brent says :

The last Sunday Capt. Bayly, who came from Sir Walter Rawleigh, and accused him of piracy, was committed by ys boddie of ys Councel, though ys Spanish Amb^r, ys L^d Threasurer, and Sir Tho. Lake tooke his part.

Lord Carew also says in his Journal [11 January], that Captain Bayly was from the Council table committed prisoner to the Gatehouse in Westminster. We may therefore reasonably infer that although the Spanish Ambassador, the Lord Treasurer, and the Secretary of State took Captain Bayly's part, he was unable to substantiate the scandalous report which he had so industriously circulated, it may be, at the instigation of one of Raleigh's many powerful enemies. Our next letter has reference to the landing of some of Sir Walter's men; it is from Sir Francis Cottington, the English Ambassador at Madrid, who on the 21st of October writes to Secretary Winwood :

I am advertised that S^r Walter Rauly landed some of his men in y^r night at Lancerote, and that the people of y^r Iland came upon them (taking them to be Turk), and killed fifteen, but after, by day, finding them to be English, gave them leave to water, and so he departed.

Again on the 4th November, Cottington says :

The great complaynete brought hither against S^r Walter Rauly appears (as I am certeynly informed), to be only for ys taking of vintuals from some few Frenchmen, and y^r of some small consideration as note worthy to be spoken of.

We have already observed that Sir John Digby was no friend to Raleigh. Digby had but lately

arrived at Madrid on a special mission concerning the proposed Spanish match. In a letter to Secretary Lake, who we have seen also took part against Sir Walter when Captain Bayly who had fled from Raleigh's fleet accused him of piracy, Sir John Digby says [20 November] :

Concerning S^r Walter Raleigh here are divers rumors w^{ch} in regard that I have formerly declared my opinion concerning his voyage, I forbear to advertise, because I would not be thought apt to believe and to give credit unto them, to make good the conceit w^{ch} heretofore I have had of him, but shall wish that he may do nothing but that w^{ch} may be noble and fitting both for his owne credit and the King's honor.

We have had a good hunt for this despatch from Digby, with his opinion of Raleigh, but have been unable to find it. On the 8th of October, 1617, Sir John Digby wrote to Secretary Lake, and inclosed a despatch for "My Lord the Commissioners." This inclosure is unfortunately missing; it is most probably the letter to which Digby alludes when he says, "I have formerly declared my opinion."

Lord Carew in his Journal for December, 1617, supplies us with the following interesting particulars :

Formerly I recounted unto you that one Capten Baylie (a Capten in S^r Walter Ralegh's fleet) was returned into England, and gave out reports that S^r Walter was or would turne Piratt. Since w^{ch} tyme one Reekes, a Master, dwellings in Ratcliffe, who was at Lanzerote all the tyme that S^r Walter was there, beinge examined reporteth, that S^r Walter after he had landed 400 men sent to the Governor, to pray him free libertie to water, and to furnishe himselfe of suche necessaries as he wanted for his money. The Governor and he mett, many complements passed betwene them, and promised that he should want nothing w^{ch} the Iland did afford. The next day S^r Walter sent unto him agayne, and so the third day; in the end when all the goodes in the town of Lanzerote was sent to the mountaynes and the woomen and children in safte, he sent him word that he was a piratt, and that he should have no more there then what he could wyane by his sword. In this meane tyme, some of S^r Walter's men, contrary to his directions, strugling into the countrey were slayne, two dead in the place, and the third escaped w^{ch} 18 wounded. Notw^standing this afront and yll dealings, S^r Walter beeing careful not to transgresse his commision (contrarie to the desire of all his captiens) repayed to his shippes, w^{ch} out revendge. From thence he went to water at the Grand Canarie, and as his men were busie in their labour in fillings of caske, the Governor assayed them, drove them to therre boates, w^{ch} the losse of one of the Saylers. In reskew of them S^r Walter Ralegh made a shott out of his shippes in great peace, and slew one of the Spaniards, w^{ch} done he hoyseed sayle, and went to the Iland of Gomera, where he was well intreated, and furnished himselfe of water and other commodities w^{ch} he wanted, and from thence about the 20 of September he sett sayle for the Indies, since w^{ch} tyme we have nott heard of him.

On the 6th February, 1618, a rumour was spread at Madrid, writes Cottington, that

S^r Walter Rawly is gone (by y^e straighte) into y^e South Sea; adding, how true it is I know nott, butt w^{ch} it they [the Spanish Court] seems to be much trobled.

On the following day we obtain more certain news of Raleigh's proceedings from three several letters written to Carleton on the 7th February. Chamberlain says :

Here is one Captain Alley come from S^r Walter Raleigh whom he left in November, neare the place he went for in Guiana. He hath brought divers letters, but no matter of any moment, but that more than a hundred of his compaines are dead of a calenture, among whom are many gentlemen, as Hastings (a brother of the Earle of Huntington's), Captain Pigot, Hamond, Whitney, and divers others that I knew not. He himself hath ben very sick and brought so low that there is doubt now he can recover.

Poor Pigot is doubtless the same who had previously written to Carleton for 40 or 50 Dutchmen to join the expedition, and whose letter will be found in the last number of the *Literary Gazette*.

The information contained in Nathaniel Brent's letter is fuller; although, as will be seen, the former part did not turn out to be authentic. He says :

On Tuesday last [3rd Feb.] Captaine Alley cam hether

from Sir Walter Rawleigh, and hath brought newes of his good successse in Guyana. An honest gentlerman who hath spoken w^{ch} y^e Capt. and seen Sir Walter Rawleigh his lres, tould me y^e he is within y^e bowels of y^e goulden mines, and hath y^e absolute possession of whatsoever he hoped for in those parts. Yet I suspend mine opinion because I heare it nott much confirmed, and because he hath brought non of y^e care with him. He hath lost since his departure hence about 120 men, of w^{ch} most have died of y^e calenture, an usual disease in those hotter countries.

But, in a postscript, Brent adds :

I have opened this ire, after it was sealed, to tel y^e LP what I heard from a gentleman who saw Sir Walter Rawleigh's ire to his wife: that he is in Guyana, but not in y^e midst of y^e mines, and y^e y^e people of y^e Country would have made him King at his first arrival there.

Sir Edward Harwood also says, in his letter :

Here is lately arriv^d from S^r Walter Raleigh on Captain Ally, y^e lefte him in Guiana preparinge to go up the river of Orenoco, in two pinnesnes and long boates, there not being water for shippes of burden. He is very welcome to the Indians, and hath mett w^{ch} many y^e remember him. This Capt. A. was sick and desired to retorne, and to wait a fleminge in the wieche to come awaie, in whome he took his passage. Many gent: ar dead; at least 40 of qualite, Mr. Hastings, Capt. Piggot, &c. In general he hath lost a 3rd part of his men. Baylie y^e lefte him, is generallie condemned for the basest man y^e can bee. Wall. Raleigh is said to bee very much reserved.

Sir William Lovelace in his letter to Carleton gives us additional details :

Cap. Peter Ally, a two days since, arrived from the Guiana Action. He left S^r Walter ancorred (I suppose) in his wished haven; from whence advancing hygher (to his greater wonder) he found the Spaniard planted all alongst the river. Other then this he hath not yet discovered.

He adds in a postscript :

One thing I forgotte, in Cap. Ally's relation, that Cap. Pigot amonst six score others is buried in the action; whose comp: at newes of w^{ch} I wished unto Cap. Dakers.

Captain Sir Gerard Herbert, also in a letter of the 12th of February to Carleton, says :

Captayne Peeter Alley is come hether some 10 dayes past, now bringeth newes of the safe landings of Sir Walter Rawley and his trowpes in the wished place of his desseigne in America: and very kindly used of the Indians: and one or two Indians w^{ch} he brought to England before tymes, w^{ch} he used very kindly, making them Christians and putt to schoole, beyng now Kinges, doe use him very kindly, and it is sayd offers to make S^r Walter there Kinge. They supply him exceedingly well w^{ch} vittells, and presented him w^{ch} many things at his landings and entring upp into the land, and his name so longe knowne to them partes, the Indians much respecte him. He is entred w^{ch} his shippes as farre as the water will geve him leave upp into the lande, then at Allye's partinge was making barges and boates to passe by water higher. Sir Walter himself was at sea so extreame sick, as it was thought he could not recover, but recovered very well. At Allye's comynge away had beeene dead in all of the troupe 120, or w^{ch} some 20 or 30 were gentlemen of qualite; amonst w^{ch} Captayne Piggott, Mr. Hastings, a brother of the Earle of Huntington, Kitt Hammon. S^r Walter and his trowpes are full of hopes of proving rich and fortunate in thare voyage, w^{ch} God graunt him.

It may perhaps be said that one letter is a repetition of the other, and that where several relate to the same fact, it would be better to make choice of that which gives the fullest details. But we think the majority of our readers will admit, that on a subject of such historical interest as the landing of Raleigh at Guiana, no authentic documentary detail, however seemingly trivial, should be omitted. In the five letters already quoted, several variations will be observed; as for example, in the number of those who had fallen a sacrifice to the new climate: Chamberlain says more than a hundred died of a calenture; Nathaniel Brent says about one hundred and twenty; but Sir William Lovelace says the exact number was six score.

We have conclusive evidence, if it were wanting, that the Spanish government were made acquainted with the whole of Raleigh's plans. Sir Walter blindly believed they were known only to King James and his ministers. He had trusted

everything to their honour and secrecy, upon the safe keeping of which mainly depended the success of his voyage. But Cottington says on the 24th of March in a letter to Secretary Lake :

The Councill of Warre gave lately to be translated into Spanish a copie of S^r Walter Rawlie's Comission (at his now [?] new, i. e. first] going out) unto a friend of myn, in whose hand I saw it; I acquaynted my Lo. Embassie here w^{ch} it, but as yet it is not fully translated, see as I canott know how it will be here taken, butt hereafter I may peradventure advertise you.

Sir Thomas Lake informs Carleton on April 8, 1618, that

There is an advertisement from Mr. Cottington that a shippe should be come into Spain from Florida, bringing advertisement that certain Englishmen, 250 leagues from thence to the Southward, had found a rich myne of gold, which S^r Walter Ralighe's frendes doe hope to be himselfe.

But Cottington, writing from Madrid on the 3rd of May to Secretary Lake, says :

They have divers advises of S^r Walter Rawlie's landing and proceeding, butt I perceave they are confident that he shall find no gold nor silver in thos parts. God graunt they be deceaved.

In March, 1618, Sir Edward Conway [afterwards successively Secretary of State and Lord Conway] writes to Carleton :

Alas! all the worlde tels, and those of the Spanish affection tell gladly, the ruine of Sir Walter Rawley's journey; howson his sonne was slayne witha hellis attempete at Saynte Tomass, a towne upon the river of Orenoke; how Kemische, after divers delays in finding out of the myne of golde, dispayred, discharged a pistoll at him selfe, fayleing, finished his tragedie witha knife. Sir Walter Rawley gone to towne forthe witha, his letters come hether charged with his age, his misfortune, his teares, and therfore pray excuse for thyre shortness; his lady a paterne of affliction, the publike argyng, the mater is the losse of hir sonne.

Conway doubtless referred to Sir Walter Raleigh's well-known letter to Secretary Sir Ralph Winwood, of the 21st of March, 1618, in which he gave a detailed account of his expedition to Guiana. He narrates the death of his son in a conflict with the Spaniards, who were informed through the Spanish Ambassador in England when and where to expect them. He speaks of Captain Keymish, who commanded the squadron upon the Orinoco, and relates how he found the way to the myne so well defended that he failed to force a passage; how he reproached him, on his return, for having ruined him, upon which Keymish retired to his own cabin and made away with himself. And concludes by saying that he will return to Europe, but what will become of him he knows not.

We shall return to this subject.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 25th November.

If any of your readers ever heard M. de Montalbent in other days at the Chambre des Pairs, they must have experienced yesterday a most tantalising feeling, for he evidently was in one of his best moods, and the eloquence that would have pulverised his opponents was plainly hovering about his very lips. But it was not his part to defend himself, and he left that care to M. Berryer and M. Dufaure.

It has been said all along that this *procès* was the most foolish thing the Government could do, and the further it has gone in it, the more manifest the mistake has become. But I must say again upon this incident what one has so often occasion to say here; namely, that the fact of Louis Napoleon not being a Frenchman, never having lived in France till his mature age, and having no knowledge of the society of the country, prevents him from comprehending the extent of some of the blunders he commits. If this were not the case, he never would, for instance, have allowed himself, his government, and his *entourage*, to be exposed to the two hours' play of Berryer's indignation, bearing full upon them as it did yesterday. If he had duly represented to himself all that could and

would be said, all that it was *true* to say, and that the hearers would in their heart of hearts confirm, it would have been impossible for him to affront the notion of such a punishment. No human courage could go that length: no cynicism be absolute enough to meet such indignation with indifference. But Louis Napoleon lives apart from the executors of his own will, and the wave of public opinion and of public obloquy breaks upon them, not immediately upon him. He lives as it were in a brilliantly lighted palace built under a mud-sea. It may be all dirt above and around, but it is all light within, and he looks no farther.

Well! the Duke of Argyll is right, and Heaven knows the country is "under an eclipse," if not in positive decay, that can be attacked as was France yesterday, but that can above all be defended as she was. M. de Montalembert had, in his magnificent article of the *Correspondant*, regretted the loss of all its liberties suffered by this country, but he had done so because he thought the country had proved itself capable of enjoying them. The Procureur Impérial, on the contrary, had no possible means of getting out of his embarrassments, save by over and over registering the unworthiness of France, and this he did to his heart's content, declaring her "*libertatis incapax*," affirming she had chosen slavery as her lot, unblushingly setting forth that she liked to be treated as are those who have the conduct of their own affairs taken from them! The position was a false one, that I know, but the man was commonplace. Such a man might have got tolerably through an easy position, or for a position so difficult a man of another stamp should have been provided; the intricacy of the position and the inadequacy of the man, both together, were too much, and the accusation broke down completely, leaving, as I said, one only victim, in whose favour nothing could be said—France!

By-the-by, as a minor qualification for the arduous duties of a magisterial function, I would recommend that somewhat more attention should be paid by gentlemen of the Bar and of the Bench to the elements of rhetoric and of classic literature. Whilst the presiding judge attributed the "*Suave mari magno*" of Lucretius to Horace, the Procureur Imperial described the soil of France after February, 1848, as "severely shaken and not firm" (*ébranlé et pas encore affermis*), thus teaching me for one, what I avow myself ignorant of:—that that which is shaken can ever be firm. However, these are small things. Would to Heaven the men of law, and all public functionaries in this country, had no worse sins to lay to their charge than sins against grammar or classical education.

To resume my account of the trial. The principle of the accusation and of the judicial pursuit of M. de Montalembert having, however absurd, been decided upon, and it not having been deemed safe to let the trial take place with closed doors, tickets were delivered to about a hundred and fifty persons, amongst whom about twenty were friends of the accused, the rest being persons to whom entrance was awarded by the authorities, and some few foreigners. Well, now, only see at once what a mysterious virtue there is in *the many*, in the collective man in that incorruptible master called *the public*! There was a crowd of "picked" people, an assemblage in which the liberal element was represented as in the proportion of one individual to eight or nine votaries of despotism; yet when this body of human creatures was placed within the attraction of truth, powerfully and eloquently told, it yielded to truth, and went so thoroughly with the man, and with the principle that was attacked, that all the *violence* of the Bench (I will explain the word later) was required to prevent every syllable uttered by Berryer and Dufaure from being loudly echoed by nearly two hundred voices. And what was the manner on all sides after each defender had sat down? Why, this: "Well, this is like new life, and one fancies oneself come back to the times when everybody was free to say what he thought."

I wish I could transcribe for you Montalembert's interrogatory. He was as calm and unconcerned as though some matter of quite indifferent import were being discussed, but his replies were such as made it a sorely perplexing task to question him. Never did a man more unequivocally stand by the opinions for which he was brought to trial. He did not flinch one hair's breadth, neither did he take glory to himself for being an honest man, which is what Frenchmen so often do when they determine upon honesty for their *spécialité*. The one irrepressible burst of enthusiasm following Berryer's harangue having been sharply put down by the authorities, and no expression of feeling of any kind being allowed, no fond demonstration could take place; but when M. Dufaure alluded to M. de Montalembert as to perhaps "the only public man in France over whose immaculate disinterestedness no breath of even calumny had ever passed," there thrilled through the whole assembly one of those vibrations of sympathy that attest the bloom lying yet on virgin fame better than could do the trumpets of ten legions.

This it was that gave M. de Montalembert the right to answer as he did the following question: "When you say that you 'set aside the persons with whom you have nothing in common—those with whom you cannot be of one mind either touching happiness or touching honour' you insult the Government and its adherents—do you mean to do so?" asked the President. "I mean what I say!" was the reply; and I wish you had seen with what a smile and in what a tone—"I fancy there are a very large number of persons with whom I cannot be of one mind touching honour."

Rely upon it those with whom Montalembert is "not of the same mind," if any such were present yesterday, felt for one moment at all events what is the moral penalty of shame. The common run of men seem always to imagine nothing can be easier than dishonesty; but they do not reflect that in the life of the wealthy, lucky rogue, there are hours of self-confession, when the filthy pit of baseness is fathomed through its golden crust, and not one second whereof would be voluntarily supported by the honest, even were the riches of the whole universe the price. "Each one takes his pleasure where he finds it," says Montalembert in his article, speaking of the "flunkies" who regard all government "as an ante-chamber;" but I suspect they to whom the phrase applied took small "pleasure" in it during the ten hours of Montalembert's trial yesterday.

The attitude of the Bench was extremely curious to observe, because the presiding judge, M. Bertholin, was manifestly quite "up" to what he was forced to submit to, and (though his Latinity does not help him to keep from Horace what belongs to Lucretius) he is quick-witted enough to feel every sting driven through his official skin into the very bones and marrow of the government. I absolutely caught myself pitying M. Bertholin; but I suspect I did not pity him half as much as he pitied himself. There are some human beings to whom, as to certain inferior animals, dirt is so familiar, that they positively do not know when they are doing dirty work; but to oblige to very dirty business a man who looks upon clean nails as a comfort, is, to my mind, one of the most horrible tortures that can be devised.

Yesterday's trial was a struggle between many things: between the Anglo-Saxon spirit and the spirit of Gaul; between the Empire and the liberty of thought; and between the fanaticism of the darker ages and the religious tolerance of real Christianity. In every single respect those who are punished remain the true victors. From the lame and impossible attacks of her would-be detractors, as from the manly admiration of her friends, our own dear England rose, oh! how immeasurably superior—whilst the very necessities of aggression they had forged for themselves, forced the government officials to insist upon the inferiority of France. If the man who had dared to exalt political freedom to deplore its loss, to aspire to its revival, was condemned to imprisonment and fine, the cause of

political freedom itself was felt to be gained. Louis Napoleon must know at this hour that he is the stronger only in fact, but that the principle he seeks to crush is stronger than he is. It is as much stronger as was the eternal truth announced by Galileo stronger than the wretched inventions and oppressions of his enemies; and M. de Montalembert may proudly go his way to prison, saying of freedom, "*ce pur se mouve*," as the great Italian said of our earth. But the most utterly beaten of all those who yesterday showed themselves under the garb of so many anachronisms, was that vile, hypocritical set of blood-thirsty obscurantists whom the dread of sacrifice has not deterred from trifling with, and turning to their own ends what, though sometimes unacknowledged by the sceptical, ought never to be made use of even by the most shameless. In alluding to Veuillet and his infamous paper, the *Univers*, M. Berryer most justly characterised the "Ultramontanist party," who support this print, "as a plague spot" on the body politic, as a miserable clique of intriguers in the disguise of fanatics, "who ought to be most curse by those precisely whom they affect to serve the most."

I repeat it—Montalembert is condemned; but the Empire has lost its cause before the tribunal of public opinion, throughout the length and breadth of the entire world, and the Emperor by this time knows it; or if he does not,—if the knowledge of it can be kept from him by those whose interest it is to deafen and blind him,—so much the worse both for the country and for him.

That the judges knew they were, by the reading of their sentence, committing what Berryer called, "a monstrous act," was evident by their whole attitude, and by their precautions. When, after two hours' deliberation, they returned into Court, they were met by a detachment of gendarmes, who marched into the hall through the opposite doors. A man who is by position supposed to be a gentleman, a man whose office should oblige him to independence, the presiding judge, then told the public that they were under surveillance, like so many malefactors, and that any sign slitting across their faces would be the signal for their instantaneous arrest! We, on either side, looked up, and lo! in the pathway between the two divisions of the chamber, stood fifteen or twenty *sergents de ville*, placed herring-bone fashion, so as, technically speaking, to "rake" the assembly with their eyes.

In the face of this flagrant violation of what should have been the inviolable rights of every man standing in that hall, did a French judge dare to read the sentence which inflicts six months prison on Montalembert for having said France was no longer free! A dozen times at least had that same judge interrupted the defence, in order to assert the liberties of all kinds enjoyed by Frenchmen under the government of the Empire, yet when venturing to publish the condemnation only under the protection of brute force, that judge spoke on without meeting any resistance—not a finger pointed to the *sergents de ville*, not a voice was raised to say, "Is this liberty? and are these its ministers?"

Are they, then, right who believe in the inferiority of Frenchmen, "*éternellement mineurs*," as Montalembert stigmatised them? And has the time come when, to borrow Béranger's fine phrase, "the praise of honesty anywhere must be taken as a satire upon France!" If so, why, indeed, silence is the fittest veil wherewith to wrap round the form of what once was France. If in ensouling the nation they who do so act as the charitable friends who fling a sheet over the features whence the soul has fled, we have nothing more to say but to bid farewell to a form it is forbidden to reanimate, and withdrawing from it stealthily, as from the Tribunal of yesterday, seek, as the illustrious condemned has said, "a path of life" in lands where life yet pours forth all its flood.

One of two things must happen after all this: either the Empire must grant freedom to this country, and thus condemn itself for the condem-

nation of Montalembert, or it must send for more chains, more gags, sharper bayonets, and thicker boot-heels, and reign not only in its wrong, but in the impious defiance of all right over a nation whence it has trodden out all vitality.

Paris, Wednesday.

Indications are not wanting that the French are becoming really wearied of the disgraceful Bonapartean tyranny, to which for years past they have submitted; and those indications are, as generally happens, most strongly marked in the literary world. Men of the pen, taken in the mass, have never, it is true, been admiring of the Imperial régime, but I never remember to have heard them speak of it with such bitterness and scorn as they do now. The few unhappy journalists who have accepted service on the governmental papers, were always quizzed by their more independent colleagues; but now they are openly derided, and are emphatically warned of the approaching "day of vengeance." The language of the leading periodicals is certainly bolder than it ever was before,—witness the famous lucubration on England, for which Count de Montalembert is this very day undergoing prosecution before the Tribunal of Correctional Police—witness articles in the recent numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The very journalists themselves, though subjected to the terrible system of *avertissements*, which enables the government to "put down" any newspaper it pleases, are not so craven as they were. The proof of this is that they have within the last few days been ordered by the government to drop discussions on religious questions, and especially on that about the Jew child at Rome, such discussions having become somewhat vehement, and being calculated to excite the public, and that they have not obeyed the order. Even in the theatre the general run of pieces, though assuredly not political, have a certain *je ne sais quoi* about them, which is not in accordance with Imperialist notions and tendencies; their subjects are not taken from the history or the time of the Empire, their personages are not generals and colonels, their "ideas" are not "Napoleonic," and their language is not that mixture of fetishism for Napoleon, barrack-room slang, and patriotic rant, in which Imperialism delights. In books of all kinds, too, passages hostile to the Empire abound; and I hear that more than one eminent author is at this very moment engaged on works in which the Imperial form of government is to be openly "written down." No less a personage than M. Villemain is, for example, preparing one in which the "enthusiasm of the people" is to be demolished. On the whole, then, I say there are signs that the French are re-awakening to a sense of their degraded political situation,—a situation hardly less abject than that of the Russians; and, as when the French begin to act, they are energetic, and even reckless, we shall, perhaps, not be disappointed if we expect great events.

Messrs. Hachette, the publishers, have had the spirit to undertake an operation which has required vast labour and an enormous amount of capital—the compilation of a biographical dictionary of notable contemporaries of every country in the civilised world, and even of countries that, like Cochin-China, for example, are not civilised. Kings, princes, rulers, statesmen, orators, preachers, poets, mountebanks, physicians, soldiers, sailors, professors, merchants, musicians, actors, authors, journalists, philanthropists, theologians, dancers, advocates, dramatists, judges, quacks, artists, bankers, speculators, conjurors, diplomats, and people of every other calling under the sun, will, if possessed of anything like celebrity or notoriety, find in this book a brief sketch of their lives, details of their birth, parentage, and education, and it may be an estimate of their character and talent. French and English, Russian and German, American and Asiatic, Jew, Gentile, Infidel, and Mahometan, all are there. One really feels admiration at the mind that could conceive, and the industry that could execute, so gigantic a book; and perhaps not less worthy of admiration is the commercial enterprise which gave it being.

The book contains the enormous number of 1800 pages, each of which is in small type, and divided into two columns. French names are perhaps more numerous than those of any other nation, and after them, I should suppose those of the English; but I do not think any country has reason to complain that its notabilities are neglected. Indeed, it strikes me, that the compilers have put in a great many names which they might have omitted without detracting from the completeness and value of their work. As regards the English, at all events, I could point out a score names which no Englishman would have thought worthy the honour of admission. On the whole, the notices of each individual appear substantially correct. Errors of course there are; but in the midst of such a multiplicity of details they were unavoidable. Some persons may perhaps be shocked to find that princes and great nobles actually obtain less attention than simple authors and servants. Prince Albert, for example, occupies much less space than Harrison Ainsworth, and Lord Chamberlain Breadalbane than Ira Aldridge the negro actor. But this may be a merit in the eyes of others. Some persons may think that the judgments passed are occasionally either too indulgent or too severe. I, however, so far as my inspection of the book has extended, have observed, on the whole, a commendable impartiality. The title of the book is *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*, and it is edited by M. Vapereau. It may be well to explain that by the word "Contemporaries" is understood everybody who was living on the 1st January, 1855. It may be added, that a new edition of the work is to be brought out from time to time, and that to admit of corrections and additions, the type composing it is, though of the great value of 32000, to be kept constantly standing. May we not hope that the appearance of this work will encourage some English publisher to bring out one like it in English? A more useful, and even a more entertaining, book could not well be produced.

A new effort is being made by the friends of Lamartine to induce the public to subscribe the sum he needs to pay off his debts; but, as the first one was a dead failure, the second is likely to have little success. The truth is that the French are a close-fisted people; so much so, that almost all the "public subscriptions" they have ever started—and they never started many—have not succeeded. The truth, too, is, that Lamartine, notwithstanding his poetical genius, is, on account of the part he played in politics, intensely unpopular in France; and it is not to be wondered at that people will not give to a man they like not. Lamartine threatened some time ago that if his countrymen continued deaf to his appeal he would leave France for ever, and have his bones interred in a foreign soil. I fear he will have to fulfill his threat.

MR. MACREADY ON EDUCATION.

OUR greatest actor, now leading a life of retirement, is ill-content to lead a life of inaction. Settled at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, Mr. Macready employs his intellectual energies in promoting the cultivation of those of others. From Thursday last, says a local organ:

We date a new era in the educational history of the two counties of Dorset and Somerset. The scheme which Mr. Macready set on foot, and which he has so vigorously worked, was then brought to a successful result, and the way was left open and clear for the establishment of a permanent institute, that will be as honourable to the county, as it will be useful to youth. The idea, originating with Mr. Macready, was worked into a plan, and the fund raised by a series of "readings" in various towns in the two counties, one moiety of the profits of such readings being left by the generous reader for the expenses of the classes which should prepare the students for examination, the remainder being devoted to the examination, prizes, &c. Such inducements were powerful levers in the removal of the impediments which every new project encounters, and the presence of thirty candidates in the lecture-room of the Sherborne Institution was a sufficiently satisfactory assurance that when the scheme is more extensively known, and its substantial rewards seen and handled, there will be as large a competition at the annual meetings as could be desired.

The examination was a very gratifying one, and

the prizes appear to have been most fittingly awarded. The whole proceedings testify to the practical and intelligent working out of the scheme originated by Mr. Macready. That gentleman was prevented by family affliction from attending, but the following letter from him was read to the assembly, and we transfer it to our columns, with the expression of our hope that the Sherborne Institute may long reward, by its deserved prosperity, the enlightened and philanthropic founder:

Sherborne House, November, 1858.

My dear Dr. Booth.—In compliance with your request, that I should give some account of the origin and course of our Institute's proceedings, so much indebted to your invaluable assistance, I undertake the task without apology for the deficiencies, that may probably be too apparent in my attempt.

The Educational Experiment, that has been put in action during the past year in this and the neighbouring towns, was suggested by the impulse given to the youth of our country in their intellectual cultivation by so many similar Unions.

Among the various supplementary aids, applied by the people to our defective system of public instruction, none have been more truly English in their character than the Mechanics' Institutes,—self-erected, self-governed, and self-supported: but these had in many instances either entirely failed, or dragged on a languid and feeble existence from want of some healthy stimulant to quicken their zeal, and elevate their aims. This stimulus has been found in the emulation excited by the combination of separate societies for public competition among their assembled classes. We read each year of the flourishing condition of one admirable association of this kind in Hants and Wilts. In Devonshire, that excellent friend of education, and of every good work, Mr. Acland, had established another; in Suffolk, Middlesex, Yorkshire, Lancashire—in fact throughout the kingdom, it may be said,—similar organisations were in active operation, extending on every side the offer of their help to the struggling intellects that, "tho' lack of culture and the inspiring aid of books," were pining or murmuring, with God-implanted aspirations, under the burthen and bondage of ignorance.

But, in the midst of all, our County of Dorset has been passive and supine, deaf to the reports of energetic exertion in the work of intellectual advancement, heard around—north, east, and west.

"What is every one's business is no one's business,"—an adage too often verified to the loss of good opportunity! The thought, however, was suggested by it that if any one would make it his business, there might be, among the philanthropic, the considerate, and the liberal of our country, a sufficiency of ready wills to take up and improve his crude and incomplete design.

Upon this speculation public Readings were given at Bridport, Weymouth, Poole, Blandford, Frome, Crewkerne, Yeovil, and Sherborne, and realised an amount, sufficient to test the practicability of the scheme. Sixty-nine pounds one shilling was set apart for providing rewards for the diligence and proficiency of the competing students; and eighty-four pounds eighteen shillings has been distributed among the several Institutions in Union towards procuring books and teachers for their classes. Meetings were held with the delegates from the different societies; resolutions were passed, and rules adopted for working the proposed plan. Classes were set on foot; and in the early part of last month a preliminary examination of the students took place, with the papers of which you were immediately furnished. Upon the value of the measures pursued, and the chances of benefit resulting from them your judgment will pronounce.

Suffer me, however, to arrest judgment so far, if unfavourable to our proceedings, as to interpose a few observations. It is true, that out of the eight Institutions, parties to this alliance, four have sent no candidates; but in three of these, advantage has been so far taken of the means provided, that Evening Classes have been diligently at work in them. The Yeovil Mutual Improvement Society sends up only seven candidates; yet since the Association has been in existence, twenty students have been nightly engaged in the rooms, attending on their classes. It is with regret I have to remark, that in Sherborne, where every inducement has been held out, our numbers sink lowest of all. Out of twenty-five young persons, who at different times have taken their places in the class-room, only four have been steadfast to the purpose with which they entered it.

But, in looking at the general result, we shall find, that since the opening of these classes, above one hundred youths may be counted on, as having, in the various institutions, devoted the appointed evenings to their mental cultivation. If this year the majority of these may have been deterred by modesty and diffidence from venturing on competition, it is not unreasonable to expect that the credit obtained by those who have persisted, and the enduring and useful memorials of their perseverance, will stimulate them and many others to more resolute endeavours in the time to come. Again, out of this hundred let me take one instance: you will see it recorded in our Sherborne list, that out of one hundred and thirteen to study in the class-room. His companions do not fall far short of his number. Now, in pondering on this one example, who can say to what good that youth's application may not hereafter lead!—from what temptations may it not have preserved him!—what evil may it not have averted from him!

Great stress is laid by some of our foremost educationists on the necessity of a longer term for boys at school. Serious changes must take place before that

desirable arrangement can be enforced; and meanwhile, in pressing on the attention of our neighbours this method of diffusing more widely the benefits of education, and thus alleviating a grievous political ill, there is no desire to discomfit the plans of others: unhappily there is field for all. In respect, however, to the enlargement required of the boys' school term, parties must be consenting. The generality of tradesmen fix the needful period of a youth's initiation in his trade at about, and rarely much later, than fourteen. As to the poor labourer's child, he must at the very earliest age add to the miserable amount of the family's six days' earnings, the weekly shilling, or *sixpence*, he may be able to get. Matters standing thus, the only opportunity afforded to the indigent labourer's child is by the Sunday and Evening Schools; and in more advanced years the Classes of these Institutes, from which, successively attended, he may by dint of application derive, even in the very teeth of his adverse fate, a really good middle-class education.

For those whose worldly avocations compel them to leave school so early as fourteen—and I confess myself unable to dispute this alleged necessity with a tradesman's practical knowledge—they cannot carry away more than the material for subsequent culture and improvement—in one, two, or three years their little stock of acquirement will have so shrunk and dwindled, as possibly to have slipped out of their memories; and entering on manhood with habits averse to application, they will possess scarcely so much available learning as the boys who will be beginning their apprenticeship. But with these classes to resort to, and competition to incite them, they may retain, and improve, and mature the seeds of instruction planted in their minds at school, and may even attain proficiency in the higher departments of knowledge, which may greatly extend their usefulness, and influence the characters of themselves and their descendants.

To the deliberate opponent of this partial remedy for a wide-spread evil, the friends of education have, it seems to me, one answer—they will thankfully accept any real equivalent I might offer for it.

I remain, dear Dr. Booth,

Yours, most obliged and sincerely,

W. C. MACREADY.

To the Rev. James Booth, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, NOV. 29, 8 P.M.—Royal Academy of Arts: Lecture on Anatomy by Mr. Partridge.—**Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.—Institute of Actuaries, No. 12, St. James's Square, 7 P.M.**: Papers to be read.—Mr. Farren, on the Improvement of Life-Contingency, Calculations. Part II. The System of Dependent Risks.

TUESDAY, NOV. 30, 4 P.M.—Royal Society: Anniversary Meeting.—**Royal Society of Literature, 2 P.M.**: M. Christmas, on the Death of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.—**Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.**: Discussion, "On Steep Inclines on American Railways;" and, if time permits, Mr. M. Scott, M. Inst. C. E., "Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth, &c."

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1, 8 P.M.—Society of Arts: Mr. Hyde Clark, on Copper Smelting.—**Geological Society, 8 P.M.**: On the Geological Structure of the North of Scotland, Orkney, and the Shetland Islands, by Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S.

THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 8 P.M.—Linnaean Society: Papers to be read:—1. S. Hanley, Esq., on the Linnaean MS. of the Museum Ulricæ. 2. Professor Henfrey, on the Morphology of the *Balsaminaceæ*.—**Zoological Society, 3 P.M.**: General Business.—**Chemical Society, 8 P.M.**: Papers to be read:—On Atomic Weights, by Mr. Mercer. On the Analysis of the Water of Holywell, North Wales, by Mr. J. Barrett.

FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 4 P.M.—Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.

SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 2 P.M.—Royal Asiatic Society.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday, November 24th, George T. Doo, Esq., F.R.S. and R.A., in the chair.—Mr. F. Joubert read a paper "On a Method of rendering Engraved Copper Plates capable of producing a greatly increased number of Impressions." The last century, he said, produced many engravers of great merit, and in this country, foremost amongst them were Hogarth, Sir Robert Strange, and James Heath. The excellence of their works gave rise to such a demand for print impressions of their engravings, that some forty years ago, when it was found that a copper plate could not yield a sufficient number of impressions for the demand, steel plates were introduced. It became, however, a desideratum to harden the surface of the copper plate, and protect it from wear while printing. The present invention consists of covering the printing surface with a very thin and uniform coating or film of iron. This is effected as follows:—at the positive pole of a galvanic battery, a plate of iron is placed and immersed in a proper iron solution, and a copper plate being placed at the opposite pole, and likewise immersed, if the solution be properly saturated, a deposit of iron, bright and perfectly

smooth, is thrown upon the copper plate. This coating may be removed and renewed as often as is found necessary, and thus it is stated that 12,000 impressions have been produced from one copper plate. A discussion ensued in which Mr. Geo. Godwin, F.R.S., Mr. McQueen, Mr. Le Keux, Mr. Winkworth, the Chairman, and other gentlemen took part.

LINNAEAN SOCIETY.—November 4th, Professor Bell, President, in the chair. Thomas Anderson, Esq., M.D., Thomas Boycott, Esq., the Hon. Walter Elliott, the Rev. William Houghton, Dr. Ferdinand Müller, Major Richard Strachey, Bengal Engineers; and H. T. Stainton, Esq., F.G.S., was elected. Among the numerous additions to the Library and Museum, announced by the Secretary as having been received during the recess, were included (in addition to the long list of publications received from other scientific societies in exchange for those of the Linnaean Society) a complete series of Wiegmann's *Archiv für Naturgeschichte*, the greater part presented by George Busk, Esq., F.R.S., and L.S.; Linnaeus's *MS. Diary and Letters to Menander*, with translations, presented by Miss Wray; an extensive collection of dried plants, formed in Java, by Dr. Horsfield, F.R.S. and L.S., presented by the Hon. East India Company; an extensive collection of Australian and Tasmanian plants, formed by Dr. Ferdinand Müller, Botanist to the North Australian Expedition, including type-specimens of many species recently described by him in the Society's Journal, presented by Dr. Müller; and a valuable collection of British Algae, formed by the late Mrs. Griffith, of Torquay, presented by the subscribers. Read, the commencement of a paper entitled, "Notes on British Botany," by George Bentham, Esq., V.P.L.S., &c.

November 18th, Francis Booth, Esq., M.D., V.P.L.S., in the chair. Cyril C. Graham, Esq., and J. R. Kinnahan, M.D., were elected Fellows; and Mr. G. Barter was elected an Associate. A collection of dried plants, formed by the late Henry Stephen Fox, during his residence at Buenos Ayres, and his excursions from thence to Southern Brazil, was presented by C. J. F. Bunbury, Esq., F.L.S. The chairman announced the formation by the Society of a British Herbarium; and Mr. Bentham stated that it was now completely arranged, and gave an explanation of the principles on which it had been formed. Read, 1st, the continuation of Mr. Bentham's "Notes on British Botany," commenced at the last Meeting; 2ndly, "Notes on some English Plants," by John Hogg, Esq., F.R.S. and L.S.

BRITISH METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 17, N. Beardmore, Esq., C.E. in the Chair. James Rock, Esq., David Smith, Esq., and M. Garcia del Rio, were elected members. The following papers were read:—"On the Meteorology and Mortality of London during the present year," by Dr. Tripe. The first part was compiled from the meteorological page of the "Weekly Return of the Health and Meteorology of the Metropolis," which was edited by Dr. Tripe, from observations made by some of the Medical Officers of Health, viz., by Drs. Thomson, Sanderson, and Tripe, and Mr. Burge; by Mr. Haile at Whitehall; and from the Greenwich returns. The author showed that the climate of central London differed in many respects from that of the surrounding districts, that the temperature did not rise so high by day, nor fall so low by night, that the range of temperature was consequently less, and the humidity of the air was less in London proper than at Greenwich, Fulham, Paddington, or Hackney. The most interesting meteorological remarks were those relating to ozone, for portions of the same test papers being used at Hackney and Fulham, the amount of ozone was ascertained to vary with the wind. When the wind was westerly or southerly, large quantities were observed at Fulham, and very small amounts, or perhaps none, at Hackney; and when the wind was northerly or easterly, large quantities were noted at Hackney, and

much less or none at Fulham. These facts were explained by supposing that air charged with ozone, arriving from the country, became deoxygenated by intermixing with the London atmosphere; Fulham being to the south-west of London, and Hackney to the north-east. The alternations just described were not of occasional, but of almost invariable occurrence.

As regards the effects of temperature on mortality the author analysed them by placing the temperature on one week opposite to the mortality registered in the succeeding week, and then grouping them together according to temperature. He thus found that 19 weeks had a temperature below 50°, and 19 above that heat, and that the mortality corresponding to the first period from "all causes" was 24,075, and to the latter only 20,994. That the group of weeks in which the temperature was below 35° had a mean mortality of 1354, whilst the group in which the temperature was above 65° had a mortality of only 1075. That of 7631 deaths from inflammatory diseases of the lungs, no less than 5719 deaths happened in the group of weeks below 50°, and only 1912 in those which were hotter than 50°. That of 5319 deaths from consumption in the same period, 2826 corresponded with the lower temperature, and as many as 2493 with the warmer group, showing that low temperatures were proportionately less fatal to consumptive persons than to those suffering from disease at large. Also that of 1848 deaths from diarrhoea, only 228 corresponded with the cold weeks, whilst no less than 1620 belonged to the weeks whose mean temperature was in excess of 50°.

The last section of the paper was devoted by Dr. Tripe to a consideration of the above facts in greater detail, by dividing the weeks into eight groups, according to temperature, the first consisting of those weeks which had a mean temperature below 35°, the second from 35° to 40°, the third 40° to 45°, and so on to the eighth, which included all above 65°. The means of these groups in per centages from "all causes," were 14·3, 13·9, 12·8, 12·3, 11·7, 11·9, and 11·4, proving the fatality of cold weather. From inflammatory diseases of the lungs the per centage were 20·8, 22·0, 16·1, 13·6, 10·1, 5·6, 5·8, and 6·0, so that death was nearly four times more frequent from these diseases during cold weather than in warm. From consumption the per centages were 13·6, 13·1, 15·1, 11·7, 13·1, 11·2, 11·1, and 11·1, showing a less variation than from "all causes," also that "a temperature below 45° is coincident with an increased rate of death in persons afflicted with consumption." Lastly, that from diarrhoea, the per centages were 4·1, 3·0, 4·4, 3·5, 4·1, 28·0, 29·9, and 23·0; showing the deadly influence of a high temperature on the mortuary rate of diarrhoea.

"On the Determination of the Mean Pressure of the Atmosphere, on every day in the year from all the Barometrical Observations at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the years 1841 to 1858," by James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S. The author began by stating that there had been no determination of the mean daily pressure of the atmosphere, deduced from a series of observations extending over a period of several years, up to the present time. He then exhibited tables, showing the mean daily readings of the barometer during the period of 18 years, from the daily means of which a curve had been calculated, showing the most probable mean pressure of the atmosphere for every day in the year. In describing the course of this curve, the author proceeded to say, "Starting from the point 29·722 inches, on January 12th, the lowest point which is found in the curve during this month, the reading increases very evenly to the point 29·768 inches on February 1st, and remains at this reading with but slight variation till February 8th. From this time the reading again begins to rise, and on the 17th attains the point 29·815 inches, at which value it remains nearly stationary until the end of the month. March begins with a very rapid increase in the atmospheric pressure, in fact, the most rapid rise during the year occurs at this point in the curve, until the reading reaches 29·938 inches on the 8th,

which is the culminating point in the year's curve, and makes an increase of 0'113 inch since the commencement of the month. From March 8th a rapid and nearly uniform fall commences, amounting to nearly one-hundredth of an inch daily, until March 23rd, at which time the reading shown is 29'783 inches; the fall still continues though less rapidly, the rate of decrease being about three-thousandths of an inch daily, until on April 7th, the reading 29'737 inches is reached. Here again the curve assumes a flattened appearance, until the middle of the month, from which time a slow rise takes place to the point 29'773 inches on April 28th. The reading now gradually falls to 29'735 inches on May 17th, and following the curve, it will be noticed that a pretty even increase occurs till June 2nd, the reading then being 29'801 inches, after which it remains nearly stationary until June 8th, and then decreases to 29'784 inches by the 14th. From the 14th to the 28th the reading increases to 29'819 inches, and remains almost without change for the following four days; and then decreases something more than a hundredth of an inch by July 6th, and from this value rises to 29'820 inches by the 11th. Following the course of the curve, a very regular descent will be seen, to a reading, on August 4th, of 29'748 inches. Little or no change now occurs till August 8th, when a rise commences, as regular as the fall just spoken of, which continues till September the 7th, the reading then being 29'810 inches. This is the second instance in the year of a wave in the curve, whose highest point exceeded the value 29'9 inches. From September the 7th the reading gradually falls to 29'890 inches on September 12th, and still continues to fall, but much more quickly (the average fall being one-hundredth of an inch daily), till it reaches 29'687 inches on October 4th, which is the lowest point yet attained in the year's curve. From 4th October to the 9th, the value continues nearly unchanged, and then steadily increases to 29'733 inches on the 29th; from this reading with more rapid strides it rises to 29'801 inches on November 9, and then falls very rapidly till the 23rd, the reading then being 29'684 inches, which is the minimum reading in the year's curve, and three-thousandths of an inch lower than the reading on October 4th. A rapid and tolerably uniform rise now takes place until December 29, the reading on this day being 29'900 inches, and the third instance of a point in the curve obtaining the value 29'9 inches. During the two days, December 30 and 31, scarcely any alteration occurs; but from this time to January 3rd a most rapid fall, averaging four-hundredths of an inch daily, takes place and continues, but with diminished rapidity, till January 12th, when the starting-point, 29'722 inches, is arrived at."

FINE ARTS.

On Colour, and on the Necessity for a General Diffusion of Taste among all Classes. Examples of Good and Bad Taste Illustrated by Woodcuts and Coloured Plates in Contrast. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, D. C. L., F. R. S., &c. (Murray.)

AMONG professional men this book stands some chance of not meeting with a very cordial reception. Without circumlocution, and without regard to existing practitioners, the author assumes that we are as yet very much a-field in the matter of colour generally, and polychromic decoration in particular, and that the books which have been written on the subject, and the examples which have been produced, are not likely to effect any decisive, or, at any rate, any rapid improvement. "It has been generally remarked by foreigners, and as generally admitted by ourselves, that the English are very indifferent to the effect of colour for decorative or ornamental purposes. We take little pleasure in studying the harmonious arrangement of colours, either in dress, furniture, or architecture; and when the attempt is made to compose coloured designs we frequently tolerate, and even admire, discordant or anomalous

combinations." He believes, however, that "by proper instruction and encouragement, the English are capable of producing works of merit in ornamental design, as in every branch of art;" and he says, "In writing the accompanying remarks on colour and the necessity of encouraging taste, I have been actuated by a desire to see England rival, and if possible excel, other countries in all the various branches of aesthetic art. I have ventured to point out what appear to me to be certain errors and misconceptions, into which we have fallen, or are liable to fall; and I have endeavoured to show how important it is that all classes of the community should appreciate the beautiful, and encourage the production of good works. Without this we may vainly hope that taste will take permanent hold in the country, or that the studies now so laudably encouraged by some valuable institutions will produce any general and lasting benefit."

Unless we are greatly mistaken this work will do much towards accomplishing these very desirable objects. It is the work of one whose position as a man of original research, as well as of unusually wide attainments and extended opportunities of observation, will command an amount of attention not likely to be accorded to an unknown writer, unless he caught the general eye by some extraordinary brilliancy of style or novelty of matter—things hardly to be expected in a work on colour, and which the present work does not lay claim to, and does not possess.

But the present work has many high excellencies. It is full to overflowing of thought, knowledge, and observation, communicated in a style of unaffected simplicity. It is, too, an eminently practical book. There is none of that pyrotechnic display, which now-a-days so constantly figures in art-writing, no coruscations of sparkling many-hued words, turning and twisting in fantastic forms and unnatural devices, a moment gay, then lost in smoke and obscurity; but all is clear and explicit, and whether you agree with the author's conclusions, or differ from them, you have no trouble in knowing what they are: plain words at all times convey a plain meaning. In truth, among recent works of its class, the originality of this might almost be said to consist in the strictly thoughtful common-sense view it takes of the subjects under consideration. There is no affectation of philosophical profundity, but everything is reasoned upon and reasoned out in a perspicuous common-sense way. Indeed Sir Gardner Wilkinson, if among his multifarious reading he could be suspected of having read the "Divine Legation," might be supposed to have taken a sentence of the strong-headed (and sometimes wrong-headed) Bishop Warburton as his guide, and resolved to follow "The plainest rule in the world; that of common-sense,—the first and capital rule in every Art."

The book is divided into two distinct parts: the first treats of Colour, and almost exclusively as it relates to decoration; the second, which treats of Taste, taking a wider scope, includes Fine as well as Ornamental Art, and discusses also some important questions in Art-archaeology. We shall notice the two divisions separately: Colour this, Taste next week. Indeed we cannot but think that the author would, by publishing the two essays as separate works, have secured more readers, and produced a wider influence. The present arrangement seems open also to other objections. We have the particular subject, Colour, treated of before the general one, Taste, which is to guide its application. Then, not only is there no division of the work into chapters, but, although there is an index, there is no table of contents or general summary; and hence from the author's discursiveness, arising out of his fullness of information, it is not easy to obtain a complete view of the general plan, and the transitions seem awkwardly abrupt—as for example where the author diverges (at p. 27) from the consideration of the natural taste and acquired distaste of the English for colours, to a consideration of coloured glass windows, and then, after giving a history of them (and though a brief, a very interesting and valuable one too), from the origin to

the decay of the Art, and of glass working generally, subsides without warning (at p. 55) into a dissertation on "Concord of Colours."

From what has been said above, it will be understood that Sir Gardner Wilkinson does not touch upon the science of colour. "The scientific phenomena of colours," he says, "present many interesting facts, but they have no direct bearing on the employment of colours for ornamental purposes, and the attempts to draw conclusions from them for our guidance in the harmonious adaptation of colour only tend to mislead. For the present we only want the results of actual observation and a knowledge of the proper combinations of colour derived from the experience of those who possess the true perception of it; and, as I cannot too often assert, it is the eye which is to be consulted as the proper judge of what it sees." On the other hand, he eschews all philosophical theories. There are therefore none of those curious half-optical, half-physiological observations and experiments, with illustrations and elucidations of a semi-aesthetic turn, which render Goethe's "Farbenlehre" so delightful and suggestive a book; and by the way, whilst all sorts of writers are quoted or alluded to, Goethe seems quite to have escaped our author's notice—at least we have not in going carefully through the essay observed any reference to him. Sir Gardner's view is that theory can only mislead; that we must "begin at the beginning, and when we have obtained the necessary experience it will be time to promulgate theories." A perception of the harmony of colours is, he holds, a natural gift, but it may be improved by observation and experience. The best colourists among the ancients as well as the moderns obtained their power by practice, not theory. The Italians have the finest perception for the harmonies of colour among modern nations, the Germans the worst: the Italians have no theories, the Germans theorise at every turn.

On the whole, we think the author is right, but the argument must not be pushed too far. There is a broad distinction which writers on colour do not always keep in mind. It is quite conceivable that a theory of definite harmonious combinations may be arrived at, if there be none existing already, which shall be perfectly applicable to mere decoration. But the colour theorists, with their schemes of a mathematical, geometrical, or numerical scale of chromatic equivalents, will not be content without applying them to pictures also. And there they must of necessity fail. Pictures are painted in innumerable tints, tones, and gradations of colour, as well as endless combinations of these with each other, and with ever-shifting lights and shadows. Decorative work is executed in flat uniform tints. The one, to speak in the language of the schools, is strictly quantitative, the other purely qualitative; the one therefore may come within definite rules, the other must continue to be a matter of feeling.

But though our author will have nothing to do with scientific phenomena or chromatic theories, and is equally averse to rules, he lays down the principles he has arrived at with great distinctness and precision in some twenty sections (pp. 93—160); and these he again repeats in a condensed summary, with references to the pages where each proposition is more fully developed. As an example of his manner, we quote his first section:

"In all cases of polychrome ornament (considered apart from paintings), the three primaries—red, blue, and yellow—should generally predominate; and, indeed, they may be used alone with good effect without any colour. But it is not necessary, as some have maintained, that in ornamentation the three primaries should alone be admitted, to the exclusion of the secondaries and tertiaries; it will suffice that these two last be less in proportion, and secondary to the primaries in position and effect. A preponderating quantity of the secondaries, or tertiaries, is far from agreeable, whether it be in drapery wall-patterns, glass windows, or any other ornamental work (except in the grounds); and the painted glass windows by Cornelius, in the Cologne

Cathedral, are a notable instance of the injudicious employment of too many secondary colours. The same may be said of the windows in the Church of St. Gudule at Brussels, which by some unaccountable misappreciation of colour have been held up to admiration. There are, however, certain combinations in which it is not necessary that the three primaries should be present, as where blue and orange are combined with black and white, or some other colours; and in grounds, secondary or other hues may, of course, predominate over the primaries."

His teaching is not, however, confined to broad generalisations; he applies throughout his principles practically, with reference to buildings, windows, furniture, and dress, and he has given an ample opportunity of testing them, by constructing elaborate lists, extending over more than thirty pages, of arrangements of colours showing the harmonies, discords, and contrasts of the primary, secondary, and tertiary colours. Further, he assists the student by a running commentary on various examples of ancient and modern decoration, given in Mr. Owen Jones's great work "the Grammar of Ornament," the works of Digby Wyatt, Gruner, Waring and Macquoid, &c.

To the general reader the book is rendered interesting by the very discursiveness which will perhaps provoke the practical man. Thus, having occasion to mention the uncertainty and indefiniteness of the names of colours, the knowledge of the accomplished philologist enables him to tell you that their nomenclature is equally unsettled in most countries, so that "it is often impossible, in reading the description of any object, to form in the mind a true idea of its colour and appearance," and he illustrates this by a very interesting dissertation on the purple of the ancients. And this leads him to construct a table—singularly useful for ready reference—of the principal colours in English, Arabic, French, German, Greek, Latin, and Italian, interspersed with notes and elucidations which render the table, what few tables are, a very readable document.

These references and our comments will have shown how wide is the author's range, and how suggestive his remarks. In the essay on Taste, these qualities are seen still more distinctly; but we must not quit this first part, without repeating that it is a very valuable addition to the literature of colour and decorative art, and especially valuable as addressing itself as much to the general reader as to the decorative artist or the Art-patron.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—A line or two must suffice to record the first performance for the season of Mr. Balf's *Bohemian Girl*, an opera of which we cannot help thinking the English public by this time has had pretty nearly enough. That Miss Louisa Pyne would sing the music of *Arline* charmingly, and Mr. Harrison ravish the "gods" with his *falsetto* and *ritardandi*, in the popular ballads allotted to *Thaddeus*, might have been prophesied. And indeed the general execution of the opera was good; Mr. Corri, an adept in the "school" of Messrs. Stretton and Borrani, being *Devilshoof*; Miss Susan Pyne, *Queen of the Gypsies*; and Mr. F. Glover (for the first time), *Count Arnheim*; the subordinate parts of *Buda* and *Florestine* falling to Miss Marian Prescott and Mr. St. Albyn—the latter of whom we may remark, *en parenthesis*, is much more amusing when he makes no attempt at being funny. The orchestra was very efficient, the chorus less remarkably so; the scenery was ancient, and the costumes were not modern. The audience seemed gratified by the performance, and redemanded whatever it has been the custom to redeem since the apparition of the *Bohemian Girl* first startled the town. Regular frequents of the theatre, nevertheless, found the whole business a little *faze*, and no doubt questioned the wisdom of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, in sacrificing almost every English composer, living or

dead,* to Mr. Balf, certainly not the most elevated (however he may be regarded as the most "popular") type of the British lyric drama. Mr. John Barnett, Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Edward Loder, Mr. Henry Smart, Mr. Howard Glover—even Mr. Frank Mori—it may have been suggested—all possess claims, more or less tenable, upon an establishment which has blown the trumpet of the "national" cause with such loud and continuous flourishes.

It is impossible to reconcile the magnificent professions of the Drury Lane lessees with the exceeding smallness of their achievements. This season their patrons have been treated to *The Rose of Castille* oftener than we like to remember; to *Martha*, one of the most trivial of modern German operas; to *Maritana*, the first dramatic work of an Irish composer, who, it is generally surmised, has something much better in his portfolio;† to Auber's *Dianans de la Couronne*, with interpolations by the defunct M. Rode, the living Mr. Tully, and the equally living Mr. Brinley Richards; and, as a *bonne bouche*, a "novelty," to the *Bohemian Girl*, of which we own (we are convinced that the public is with us) thoroughly tired. How such common-place as Mr. Alfred Bunn's *tiribetto* could have so long retained possession of the boards, we shall not stop to inquire. We have, nevertheless, a right to expect that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison will do something to justify the loud talking of their prospects; and that when we have enjoyed the advantage of hearing the next new work of Mr. Balf, they may direct their attention elsewhere. The British school of opera ill deserves to rank at present with the great schools of Italy, Germany, and France; but surely the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* do not represent the *ne plus ultra* of its achievements.

The next "revival" at our only English musical theatre is to be Sig. Verdi's *Trovatore* (?)—on Monday, for Mr. Harrison's benefit.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Shakspeare's comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing* revived at this house, last Saturday, has broken into the monopoly of tragedy with welcome "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles." The character of *Benedick* is one of Mr. Charles Kean's most successful achievements. He may not perhaps fulfil that fastidiously refined ideal of the wayward, but gallant and manly, humourist which paints itself on the retina of the mind's eye as we read the play, and the living counterpart of which we despair ever to behold. He may even not only fall short of this imaginary model, but actually sin against the aspiring poetical spirit in which it was conceived; but so hearty, so jovial, and so earnest is the honest gentleman he presents us with, as a substitute for the hero of our dreams—so vigorous is he in his petulant satire, in his bursts of quaint humour, in his wooing and in his warring—that our dainty preconceptions are fairly thrown overboard, and we joyfully accept him as the true *Benedick* "for better for worse." There is something intensely natural in the effect of Mr. Kean's dealing with the part. On his first appearance, there is nothing in his appearance or deportment that could help one to distinguish him from the rest of the gentlemen returning from the wars in the suite of *Don Pedro*. A plain, grave, soldierly-looking person is among them, but none would suspect in him the conversational joustier, the man of jibes and paradoxes, the untiring declaimer of humorous invectives against the sex. *Beatrice*, however, has no sooner sounded the challenge, than the staid and sober exterior is cast off at once, his features beam with anticipated fun, his spirit seems prancing like a war-house impatient for the fray, and the next minute he has run full tilt to the encounter. Mr. Kean's comic vein is unmistakably genuine. With the greatest ease he produces the broadest effects, and having once tickled his audience he is able with the same facility to prolong their mirth,

* The only exception has been in favour of Mr. Wallace's *Maritana*, an opera conceived and carried out exactly according to the Balf pattern, besides being almost as worn as the *Bohemian Girl* itself.
† Mr. Wallace, we are given to understand, has two operas completely finished—*Lorely* and *The Amber Witch*.

as it would seem, at will. Never did Mr. Buckstone or Mr. Keeley excite more unrestrainable merriment in the broadest farce than did the absurdly naïf alternations of expression in Mr. Kean's face, as he overhears the conversation intended to persuade him of *Beatrice's* love, and ever and anon, gradually lured from his hiding place by his eagerness to hear every word, hurries back to avoid detection. And again in the subsequent soliloquy in which he gradually yields to the pleasing conviction that he is indeed the object of a tender attachment, and manfully determines to face the charge of inconsistency, yielding to the triumphant argument, "the world must be peopled!" Mr. Kean had complete possession of the risible faculties of his audience, dwelling on one particular look while peal after peal of laughter responded to its ludicrous compulsion. The advantage which an actor possesses who has tragic expression at command, in giving force to the scene in which, by his mode of delivering the challenge to *Claudio*, *Benedick* vindicates the innate dignity and manliness of his character in opposition to his laughter-loving exuberance of temper, was fully appreciated by Mr. Kean, who availed himself of it to produce one of the most impressive effects of contrast that can well be conceived.

Of Mrs. Kean's *Beatrice* it may be said, that as a conception, it is fully equal to the *Benedick* of her husband, although in the execution there appears a sort of restraint and unwillingness to give the full bent to the rebellious sauciness of the character, from which it loses a proportionate amount of its piquancy. On the other hand there is much gained to the womanly grace of the part, and we feel the more inclined to felicitate *Benedick* on his chances of matrimonial happiness. The same opportunity occurs to *Beatrice* of exhibiting the real depth of her nature, in contradistinction with the shallow folly of her discourse, when *Hero* is insulted at the altar, and her spirit rises in indignation against the authors of her wrongs. The mutual revelation of the true inward worth of each to the other, tearing aside the thin disguise of an affected heartlessness, which brings about the union of *Beatrice* and *Benedick*, and renders it so entirely satisfactory, is not balked in its effect by any lack of earnestness on the part of Mrs. Kean, but as the coquetry is maintained more obstinately by the lady, the display of feeling requires a greater degree of art, and the mingling of the pathetic with the humorous, in the scene where *Beatrice* charges her lover with the vindication of her kinswoman's injuries, would not have met with justice from a less skilful actress.

Dogberry and *Verges*, who with the eccentric lovers form a group of palpable humanity, which stands out in relief from the level of conventional Italian romance, which the rest of the comedy maintains, meet also with very efficient representatives in Mr. Frank Matthews and Mr. Meadows. The former is more unctuous and self-complacent in his pomposity than any other performer of the part that we have seen, and has seized with congenial instinct on the jocularity which is as essential a feature of this marvellous creation, as the imbecile self-importance and stolid cloddiness of perception which it is usual exclusively to bring forward. With *Verges*, if Mr. Meadows does not produce much fun, he sets before us a wonderfully finished picture of extreme debility and decrepitude, and invests it with an air of faded musty antiquity, which is instant with the true Shakspearian gusto.

This play is not one of those on which Mr. Kean has bestowed those especial pains in its scenic illustrations which are shown in many other of his revivals. The costumes are all, however, carefully preserved in agreement with a particular date fixed upon, and remind one of those in the paintings of Velasquez, while the scenery is, if not all new, and exclusively designed for the occasion, effective and appropriate. The beautiful and elaborate scene of the Bay of Messina, in which a diorama change is effected from day to night, and the city becomes gradually illuminated, while the moon rises serenely in a clear blue sky, is worthy of the most studied of the revivals under his management.

GIFT BOOKS.

MINDFUL of the moral of the celebrated Rochester *dictum* about a presented horse, we used in other days to take care and not look at a "gift book," except as regarded the binding. The rule is still, even in our improved times, a safe one, especially in the case of "prizes" for distribution to the young ladies who come home for the holidays—pardon, the vacations—accomplished beyond belief, and showing, as *Mr. Punch* cruelly observes, that they "must have been at boarding-school, by their want of education." For these fair students certain booksellers do still bind together in the most crimson, most scarlet, and most golden garb, bundles of irredeemable rubbish, tolerably secure that when the cover has been admired, and *Paterfamilias* has grunted his approbation of the honorary inscription by Mrs. De Portman to her pupil, the volume will be duly put away and forgotten. But, speaking generally, the gift-book is now a gift which can be given with conscience and received with gratitude. The "Annual," with all its meritorious merits, has passed away, but it has been succeeded by the illustrated volume, in which either original matter of merit is combined with artistic excellence, or a fine reprint of a fine old writer is illuminated by the art-thoughts of a modern generation. The outward presentation of each class is as gorgeous as becomes volumes of *luxe*, and altogether the public is a gainer by the new system, and the abandonment of the old one of putting flies into amber.

Our table has brightened up into a vision of colour, worthy of Mr. Lance, through the influx of the books for gifts to young, and, let us say less young, for nobody is old, Lord Palmerston in the Lancers' school least of all, in these days of *Medea redux*. And first we notice with pleasure several old poets, who are again *ornatissimi*. Mr. Sampson Low presents the immortal *L'Allegro*, by one John Milton, every page adorned with an engraving by Mr. Linton, from drawings by Cope, Creswick, Redgrave, Horsley, Townsend, Tayler, and Stonhouse. The dainty thoughts of the poet are, in some cases, daintily translated, and the book is emphatically a pretty one. Equally elegant in its way is a charming little edition of *Gray*, from the same publisher. Gray is precisely the poet to be so treated, and the tiny square volume, capitally printed on tinted paper, would be a welcome visitor, even without Mr. Birket Foster's eight illustrations. These give it the additional value conferred by his soft and graceful pencil, when it comes in aid of poetry. A sterner *In Memoriam* arrives from Messrs. Black, in the form of Blair's *Grave*, with illustrations by Tenniel, Foster, and others. It is prefaced by a well-written preface by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, who grapples manfully with popular argument, utterly opposed to the popular opinion, that Death is an unpleasing subject to the general reader. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Farrar, and to think that the healthy reader, so far from having any indisposition to this class of subjects, finds pleasure therein—as witness, take the novelist's absolute necessity to kill somebody, if only a baby, somewhere in his three volumes or twenty numbers. Whether, however, the sonorous verses of Blair will be again generally acceptable remains to be seen. The publishers have done all they can for them in the way of typography, and by enlisting such pencils as those of John Tenniel and Birket Foster. Fourth on the list comes another "gift," from Mr. Low, Thomas Warton's *Hamlet*—a volume in which Mr. Foster's never-tiring hand has once more put forth its skill, in a series of etchings of rural scenery and rustic life, characterised by his habitual grace.

A mightier and more imposing volume, scarlet and gold, next comes to hand, from Mr. Kent (late Bogue), and is entitled the *Merrie Days of England*. This is a work of a different class from the volumes already noticed, and the idea is a meritorious one. Mr. Edward M'Dermott has proposed to present a series of records of life and manners, high and low, of what is called the older

time, and he has called to his aid the art of Mr. Foster, Mr. Nash, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Corbould, to show us the cottage homes, May Day games, the popinjay, a mystery, hawking, stag-hunting, a tournament, pilgrims, minstrels, revels, and other subjects of the period, illustrated by original and by well-selected description, studded, as such writing should be, with choice gems of poesy. The work is an extremely handsome one, and abounds with varied merits, not among the least of which is the real information imparted, and the thoroughly genial and English tone in which it is given. We question whether several of the subjects of which we are accustomed to speak as incidents of old times were ever so distinctly brought before eye and mind as in some of Mr. M'Dermott's descriptions, and in the accompanying engravings. The reprints of standard authors demand no certificates of character, but a new book may be the better for our testimony that we can heartily recommend this volume to the munificent gift-giver.

We may now pass on to another class of gift-book, namely, that avowedly designed for young people. Happily the batch of which we have at present to speak does not afflict our younger friends with more information than is absolutely necessary, and indeed is chiefly of a light and airy kind. Some *Christmas Plays for Children* (Griffith & Farran) is a very complete little dramatic manual for a party desirous of performing minor private theatricals—the "Sleeper Awakened" — the "Wonderful Bird" — and "Crimolina" are the three dramas, and stage directions, and even the music for the songs, are given. The work is by Madame Pulsky. Mr. Low has put together several *Favourite Pleasure Books*, in which the leading old favourites of the nursery, with some newer ones by our friend Hans Andersen, are reproduced, with a hundred coloured pictures—what glory for Jenny Wren and Mother Goose! Under initials which young folks have learned to know and to love, namely, E. V. B. cometh, again introduced by Mr. Low, *Child's Play*. Nursery songs, with fanciful and prettily coloured illustrations, which find high favour upstairs. We may inform E. V. B., however, that the children pronounce that she has entirely misconceived the mystic meaning of Sister Peep-peep, though her picture is much more touching than a mere truthful image would be. "Peep-peep means the Moon." *Scenes of Musical Life and Character* (Griffith & Farran) strikes at first sight as a relation of the drawing-book, not much loved in holiday times; but closer inspection will remove that impression, and show a good deal of fun, and of observation of animal characteristics. But the *Headlong Career and Woeful Ending of Precocious Piggy* (same publishers), by the late Thomas Hood, and illustrated by his son, will probably be a much greater hit, the pictures being coloured, and the rhymes being of a nature singularly adapted to nursery memories. The Pig-hero leaves his mother, and, dressing himself as he becomes young-pig-England, by no means forgetting his cigar, goes forth on adventures which we shall not forestall—suffice it to say that his end is that for which all pigs should be prepared, but which this pig by no means receives with composure. Mr. Hood has turned some rhymes of his father's to as much account as possible. We must defer, owing to pressure on our space, notices of divers other works of this class, and mention that

The *Almanacs* and *Pocket-Books* come in a flood. The *British Almanac* (Charles Knight) claims its position as the most valuable of all. Its Year Book is a masterly record of the history of the past twelve months, and in the most compact form supplies those *memoranda* which we all need almost daily, but know not where to seek. *Dietrichsen* and *Hannay's* marvellous sixpenny-worth becomes more marvellous year by year, and tradesmen who so advertise themselves, really deserve that their advertisement should be noticed. The *Illustrated London Almanac* is rich in astronomical lore, and very rich in those gaily-coloured engravings which the *Illustrated News* has made so exceedingly popular, and which one sees respectfully framed in all sorts of pleasant

nooks and angles of the country. The *Christian Almanac* is so called, either because its opening picture represents the Queen's State-carriage and great number of Dragoons, on the day of the opening of Parliament; or because texts, apparently selected at random, are interspersed amid notices of when fire assurance is due and the Duchess of Kent was born. Why, to little *Princess Beatrice's birthday* should be appended, "The righteous hath hope in his death," or to *Trinity Term begins*, "I will heal your back-slidings" the Tract Society, which publishes the book, may know. A *Scripture Pocket-Book*, by the same Society, and on the same plan (but with different texts), will be acceptable to the class for which it is intended, as no doubt will the Society's third publication of the kind, called the *Young People's Pocket-Book*. The preternatural amount of condensed information crowded, as by an hydraulic press, into *Mr. Gutki's Literary and Scientific Register* and *Almanac*, and actually overflowing, so as to compel a scale of inches and a meter to keep outside on the cover, makes the work a pocket cyclopædia, and the motto, *si quid novisti, etc.*, a mockery. The book is really a miracle.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 20th of November, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 2536; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 3187. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 383; one students' evening, Wednesday, 51. Total, 6157. From the opening of the Museum, 675,732.

The examination by the Council of Military Education of candidates for direct commissions, will commence on the 3rd of December, and he continued the four following days, at Burlington House, Piccadilly. The examination of candidates for the Royal Military College is appointed for Monday, the 13th of December, and five following days.

Ida Pfeiffer's "Journey to Madagascar" will be published, according to the last will of the late author, by her son, Herr Oscar Pfeiffer, who lives at Rio Janeiro.

CORRESPONDENCE.

What is Doggrel?—May I ask some of your correspondents to enlighten me as to the exact definition of the word "doggrel"? The difficulty of giving definitions is proverbial; but the result of my own researches into various English Dictionaries is, that it is an epithet given to loose irregular measures in burlesque poetry. Hudibras is cited as an example. The best French dictionary that I know gives "vers burlesques" as the French equivalent of "doggrel." And the popular acceptance of the word corresponds pretty nearly to these definitions. I am induced to put the question, because I see in the translation of M. de Montalembert's "Débat," sold by Mr. Jeffs, the really moving lines sung by the Sunday School children at the opening of the People's Park in Birmingham on the 15th June last, are styled the "refrain" of a "hymn in somewhat doggrel verse":—

Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be,
The holy and the happy,
And the glorious free!

I think no Englishman will be disposed to attribute the character of "doggrel" to these sublime aspirations. In the translation of the "Débat" published by Mr. Effingham Wilson, the phrases used are—"a hymn in lines, rude perhaps, but the burden of which was," &c. It appears to me that both translations fail to appreciate the true character of the lines, and that M. de Montalembert's own language shows that he also has imperfectly comprehended, not their spirit certainly, because he says they "drew tears from more than one present," but their rhythm. He says of the whole of the verses, that they were "pasablement grossiers." These are the words translated "doggrel" in one English version, and "rude, perhaps," in the other. Now, if "doggrel," or "rude, perhaps," be their real character, I want to know whether our popular and accepted definitions of the word are correct? J.

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